



Volume XXVI.

Number 3



O.A.C REVIEW

December

1913



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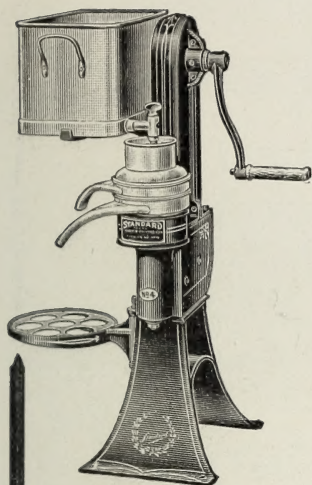
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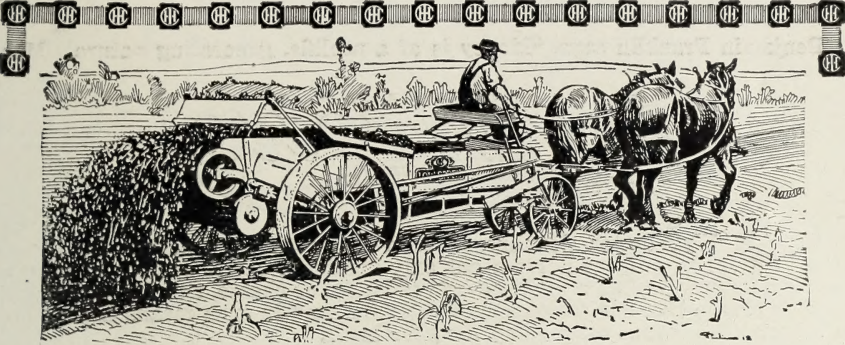
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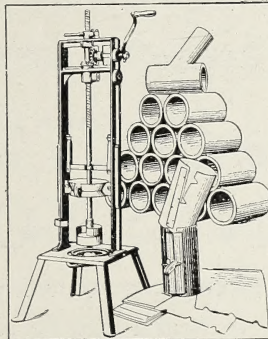
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YOUTH—Life's Summertime—is usually spent in acquiring an education and a trade or profession.

MANHOOD—Is the third of life's fleeting seasons. It is the strenuous period during which the heavy burdens of life must be supported.

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HON. J. S. DUFF,
Minister of Agriculture, Toronto, Ont.

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Director of Colonization, Toronto, Ont.





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The First Christmas Carol



Fear not: for, behold I bring you good tidings
of great joy, which shall be to all people. For
unto you is born this day in the city of David
a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you, ye shall find the babe
wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.



Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
peace, goodwill toward men.

THE O. A. C. REVIEW

THE DIGNITY OF A CALLING IS ITS UTILITY

VOL. XXVI.

DECEMBER, 1913.

No. 3.

The Christmas Spirit

By THE EDITOR



It was nearly two thousand years ago that the first Christmas bell pealed. Or perhaps there were no bells in those days. It really doesn't matter, for the bell-ringing is only an outward expression of an inward joy. It was then the Spirit was born, at any rate, and the Spirit will remain long after the last bell has been broken.

The Christmas Spirit is generous. It grew from the first great gift, and has flourished in the ashes of noble deeds ever afterward. Christ gave Himself in the beginning, and since that day good men have been giving of their stores. Some have given their energy, some their wealth, some their leisure, some only a smile. But they gave and were blessed. Perhaps in the plan of the universe the smile accomplished things as great as the gold. Who can tell?

And so in this day we give. Cynics laugh at Christmas giving. But they feel with their heads, while we feel with our hearts. That is the difference that makes cynics. We know why we give. If we would be happy we must make others happy. It is the doctrine of Christmas—we can't get away from it.

On this day the world has no place for the little man, or the mean man—the man who will not meet his obligations, who is sel-

fish, cruel, hard-hearted. The world takes no pleasure in the cynic or the skeptic. They are little men. It is a day for generosity and kindness. It is a day for you.

All around us this Christmas day there may live frail old men and poor old ladies who know little of happiness; and there may be little children—oh, the hungry kiddies with empty stockings! What do their poor little cramped souls know of Christmas? Doesn't it touch your heart to see them peering through Christmas windows? Doesn't it make you wonder where our humanity and religion and churches are when you watch these hungry lambs of civilization? You may give them gold or a smile. That depends upon your circumstances. But give, for the Christmas Spirit is the impulse to give, and to give is to be happy.

And so we dedicate this number to those who believe in the Christmas Spirit; who have faith in humanity, in kindness and in friendship; who believe the human heart to have great depths of unselfishness: who can see ten times as much good in the world as bad. It is written for those who have charity, who can joy in the brightening of the eyes of hungry children. Let others turn from these pages. They will find little here for them.

Beating The Game

IMMEDIATELY
on leaving col-

By DR. G. C. CREELMAN.

character is pretty
well formed before

lege, my first appointment was in the far south, near the Gulf of Mexico.

Owing to the great difference in climatic conditions, I consulted my family physician before leaving. He questioned me as to my habits, and when he was through, his only advice was "to keep on as you have been doing." This meant **plenty of work, regular hours and eight hours' sleep out of every twenty-four.** This was nearly thirty years ago, and ever since then when I feel irritable, have no appetite for food, or begin looking for trouble, I usually find I have broken the doctor's rules. I then find the best medicine I can take is that prescribed by the doctor, namely, get back to normal conditions.

Drinking liquor is only one form of intemperance. Irregular hours; too many continuous hours of work; wasting time in idle gossip, and then having to work hard to make up for it; getting into the habit of going to bed late; taking only a half-hour or less for meals and continuous smoking during the day-time—these are the things that make a man irritable, and while a man is irritable he is not a success.

The Boys Who Come to College.

It has been my observation that

students enter college—and college is a poor place to reform wayward boys. Such young men will always find congenial spirits with whom to pursue their careless ways, and no rules can be made to prevent such boys from wasting their time.

On the other hand, the same rule applies—boys who come to college with ambition and appreciation of a

better education will not allow distractions of any kind to interfere with their work.

Young men, therefore, who get through college are generally men of good habits, who have gotten their money's worth during the whole four years.

It is to such men—men who have finished creditably one, two or three or four years' work

and have then gone out into the world of agriculture, that I want to say a word or two regarding their future success.

Essentials to Success.

Besides following the doctor's orders, specified above, I should think one of the most important things to do at once is to make good friends. Naturally, such persons would be about the same age and of the same occupation. Find out who are the

All men long for success, some think of it, a few work for it. Success is the finest part of a man's character shown to the world in terms of work. Young men will not find success in bar-rooms, nor in pool-halls, nor yet at the side doors of theatres, nor in clothing establishments where their fathers' credit is good. Dr. G. C. Creelman tells in this article how a young man may prepare for his life's work. Dr. Creelman never gives advice that a sissy-boy will take much pleasure in following. He writes for men. Read what he has said.

successful farmers in the neighborhood, whose boys are the steadiest and wisest, and arrange to spend some time each week in the society of these young men. It may be exchange of visits; or at a farmers' club; or in the athletic field; in some religious exercise, or in the nearest library. The main thing is that you meet them, form companionships and discuss your life work as well as your daily work from time to time. Young people must have companionship and young men will work hard on a farm all day long, and with the best of grace, if they know that in the evening they are to meet congenial friends of their own temperament.

Another essential to success, in farming particularly, is that you should specialize in something upon which you may soon become an authority in the neighborhood. If you are engaged in general farming, then it may be bees, or poultry, or apples, or roots, or corn, or barley, or oats. Of course, if your father has been successful in some one line, then it is desirable that you follow up that line as you have the benefit of the advertising your father has received in years gone by. If not, then **start something**. As it does not cost much money to start in a small way, the main thing is to start with the best. Following this up, just as soon as you have succeeded in getting a surplus

supply of this good article, then advertise it.

Give your farm a name, and use this name in all your advertising. It is a note-worthy fact that a man who has a good name for his farm always tries to live up to it. Tidiness brings thrift—thrift brings with it the ambition to attain—and attainment is success.

If you are not farming, but are working along professional agricultural lines, I think you will find these general rules will apply to you as well.

I would like to emphasize, in particular, the rule regarding temperance. You cannot sit up till twelve and one o'clock every night either working or playing and then make it up by sleeping all day Sunday. You will be nervous in your work, always on the strain, and with work always piled up ahead of you that will never be done. Better attempt work along one or two lines only than try to do a little of everything and not do it well.

Above all, have faith—faith in your God, faith in your country, faith in your work and faith in your self. Do not lose faith because this is a good old world, and a man with a broad outlook, regular habits, a fund of humor, and a capacity for work, will not only be successful himself but will leave the world better than he found it.



CHRISTMAS LEGENDS

"There's a song on the air!

There's a star in the sky!

There's a mother's sweet prayer

And a baby's low cry!

And the star raises its fire while the beautiful sing,

For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king."

First Prize Photos in Review Competition

By GEORGE L. WOLTZ



The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near,"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late,"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."



"Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content,
And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile."



The Iron Age

FIRST PRIZE POEM IN REVIEW COMPETITION

BY JUSTUS MILLER.

I.

Oh, were we all savage with never a
law,
What primitive sights we might
see;
Or were we all saintly with never a
flaw
How wonderfully happy we'd be.
But this is the curse of the devil's
smart,
Since the deed by the Eden tree—
That a primitive part in each man's
heart,
Should always savage be.

II.

For every man's heart is a stricken
field,
Where good and bad disagree;
The sabre of truth he may hardly
wield,
Because the devil is free.
And never a man won the saintly
name,
But his devil grinned in glee;
He knew of the shame, of the ghastly
game,
That others might never see.

III.

The fierce wild blood of a primitive
race,
That flowed ere the dawn began;
Makes a sorry mask of a White-
man's face,
To cover a savage man.
Because we are White, we must follow
the quest—
We must struggle forever again;
But the savage breast will never have
rest,
Though the Blood on Calvary ran.

IV.

'Tis a sorry sight as the years sweep
by,
And Gospel and Grace are free,
To see in the depths of a Goodman's
eye,
A wild man's savagery.
In a soul where silent vices are rife,
Nor the devil and saint agree—
O! the soul-sick strife of a White-
man's life,
Damned to this slavery!

V.

The sulphurous hell that the downfall
sent
Is not one half so dread,
As the ghastly grave of our good in-
tent,
The hell of our living dead;
The generous thought, the courageous
fear,
The God of heart and head,
The good that our devil, in anguish
drear,
Has placed with the slaughtered
dead.

VI.

But we must work in this maze of
life,
For the ones who are to be,
Though ever the savage through all
the strife,
Will continue in you and me.
We must work as we can—it may all
be well—
As we have since time began.—
But O! I am sad for this thin white
shell,
That covers a savage man.

What Shall We Do?—4

The Advantages and Disadvantages of Professional Work

THE foregoing is a very im-

By PROFESSOR H. H. DEAN.

did gifts), tainted to excess with the

portant question presented to an agricultural college graduate. The answer largely makes or mars the man, looking out upon the sea of life's opportunities. To a large extent it depends upon the graduate's inclinations, adaptations, and limitations as to what is best. A graduate inclined toward commercial lines, and having a distaste for teaching or investigational work would be very unwise to accept a position on a college or experiment station staff. On the other hand, a man who hasn't a keen sense of dollars and cents, would be foolish to enter upon commercial work, where, "the jingle of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels."

After all, life is about what we make it. If a man thinks in terms of dollars he can usually make the dollars. If he thinks in terms of service surely the world is full of worthy projects. It is just a question of dollars versus service --- perhaps. Professor H. H. Dean tells the relative value of commercial and professional work. You cannot afford to omit reading what his experience teaches.

scrofula of impracticable crotchets." Here is a case where a man with "crotchets" was successful as a teacher and administrator of a noted educational institution. As a rule, a man with "crotchets" is not likely to make a success in academical work—he must rather "be all things to all men," yet keep before him certain high principles and ideals of manhood and womanhood.

In modern commerce the principles enunciated by David Harum seem to prevail—"Do unto the other fellow as he would do to you—but do it to him first." "Do"-ing the other fellow is all too common in these times. It is doubtful if an honest man can successfully compete under present conditions of

Personal Adaptations and Limitations

Then, too, there are personal adaptations and limitations to consider, although it is possible to train adaptations and to overcome limitations to a certain extent. De Quincy tells us: "The late Dr. Arnold Rugby, notoriously a man of great ingenuity, possessing also prodigious fertility of thought, and armed with the rare advantage of being almost demoniacally in earnest, was, however, (in some sort of balance to these splen-

trade. To convince ourselves of the truth of this statement we have but to read the account of a well-known Canadian newspaper with high ideals, being forced to the wall and out of existence; of men being convicted for adulterating pepper with sand; sugar, milk and other articles of diet treated with adulterants of all kinds. These are things of daily occurrence according to the reports in the daily press. Land, mining and other stock deals have become notorious for their lack

of common honesty. This may look a somewhat dark picture, yet it reveals some of the things which the college graduate is likely to meet, when he goes out into the cold world of commerce.

The Point of View.

If a man desires wealth, and adopts the principle of "get money—honestly if you can, but get money," he should not enter upon college work. The monetary rewards of teaching are comparatively small. It is a fact that as a class, considering the importance of their work, teachers of all kinds are remunerated on a narrow scale. We read of public school teachers receiving but \$150 per year for their services. How can we expect the rising generation to be instructed properly under such conditions?

However, if a person be willing to accept part of his pay in the form of seeing the young human animals grow, and expand in body and mind and have these tell him by word or letter that they owe a great deal to his wise teaching and helpful example, such a person has a reward that cannot be measured by the dollar standard.

It is true that there are petty jealousies, and little meannesses, connected with those who are among the professional class of educators, but we are safe in saying that no class of persons are actuated by such high ideals and such good principles as are to be found among the persons in our academical institutions. This augurs well for the uplifting of humanity.

Coming to some details of the dollar variety, what relative initial salary may a graduate expect to receive in the two lines, and what the ultimate reward may he expect in the various lines of work offered?

If a graduate decides to enter one of the commercial fields such as agricultural journalism, mercantile work, or similar lines, his initial salary will probably be much the same as for college, investigational, or agricultural extension work, namely, about \$1,000 to \$1,500 per year, but whereas, the latter is limited to an ultimate salary of about \$2,500 to \$3,000 per annum, there is practically no limit to the salary in mercantile pursuits, if he can "make good." This means that the graduate must be a genius and a hustler. Corporations like the Canadian Pacific Railway are on the lookout for such men to handle the various agricultural enterprises which have now become a part of the program in developing their railway policy. This kind of work is likely to become more important with the development of our North-West, and as railway problems become more complicated in the older parts of Canada. The field is comparatively new, but the opportunities are great, to the right kind of man, with a knowledge of practical and scientific agriculture, and having plenty of "go" in him.

A Prophet is not without honor, except—

Another question may be touched upon. Should a graduate enter upon teaching work in the college whence he has recently graduated? As a rule, I should say, no. A young man or woman will do better, as a rule, to enter a college where he or she is not known. While it might be expected that a graduate would fare better where known, experience proves the truth of the proverb, "A prophet is not without honor except in his own country and among his own kin."

After three to five years in an outside institution then a man or woman may go back to his or her Alma Mater, with reasonable assurance of success, if made of the right kind of material. "Familiarity breeds contempt," and not many can go among their former student associates and win success as teachers. The viewpoint has to be altered too violently to stand the strain. 'Tis strange, but nevertheless a fact, that the majority of students tend to look upon their teachers as persons who restrict their liberty, and whose stern rule must be overcome in some way—too often in ways that are not creditable to the students. Instead of this attitude, the students ought to look upon the teacher as a wise counsellor, and instructor of the latent talent in the pupil. How easily might discouragement be changed to encouragement, if this were more frequently the rule. The graduate must make up his mind to "endure all things" if he hopes to succeed as a lecturer.

To the patient investigator of agricultural problems, there is a wide field open, and hope of reward—financially and otherwise. One illustration will suffice. Take that common, worn-threadbare topic, the weather. No one seems to know, even twenty-four hours ahead what kind of weather we shall have. The farmer is at the mercy of the weather—and the hired man. Is it not strange that practically all of the world's supply of human food is dependent up on the vagaries of the weather, yet no man is able to control it, nor even yet able to say with any degree of certainty what brand of weather we shall likely have during the season of growth? Men have tacitly assumed that the weather is under the control of the gods,

therefore, man can do nothing. We do not believe this to be a correct interpretation to be placed upon the matter. Man can, and must be able to control rain, sunshine, heat and cold, to a greater degree than is the case at present, or he will starve at some critical time in the future.

What about the farm? It is unfortunate that the Ontario farm does not offer sufficient inducement for a larger number of graduates in agriculture. To farm, as a college graduate would wish to farm, requires more capital than most graduates have at their command. There is also the doubt whether the returns will be sufficient to pay interest on the capital invested in case this were hired, running expenses, and a personal salary equal to that which can be obtained in professional or mercantile lines. To return to the home farm, means, as a rule, loss of caste. In most farming districts a young man who spends four years at college and does not "land a good sit" soon after, is likely to be considered as more or less a failure. If a graduate returns to the farm, he would be wise to go into a locality, where he is not known, or into an entirely new section of the country, where he would not be handicapped by prejudices which are almost sure to be harbored in his home neighborhood. The farm ought to offer the greatest of all inducements to a graduate in agriculture, but we are afraid that conditions will need to change before such is the case. We would not discourage graduates from farming, but we face a condition not a theory.

Summing up, a graduate should study his personal qualifications and particularly his limitations, survey

the various fields before him, select that which appears to be best, then stick to that particular field using his best energies to keep posted and fill

the requirements of his position. If this is done, he is bound to win, whether in professional, mercantile or farming lines.



Poetry and The Farm

Immortal Words of McIntyre---Immortalized by McArthur

HAVING mislaid the editor's letter I am not sure whether he asked me to contribute an

By PETER McARTHUR

derstand the figures used. But very

article on "Farm Poetry" or "Poetry on the Farm." It really does not matter, for I could not do justice to either. There is practically no farm poetry—poetry that voices exclusively the thoughts and aspirations of farmers, and, on the other hand, all true poetry has its place on the farm as much as anywhere else. It is true that the writers of dialect have given the impression that there is an illiterate kind of poetry peculiar to the farm, but I have yet to meet a farmer who reads this nonsense, or cares for it. It is written

by city poets for city readers, and is largely a libel on the people of the country. Farmers who appreciate poetry read Shakespeare and Milton and the great poets, just like anyone else. All poets go to Nature for their themes, and as farmers live near to nature they are especially fitted to un-

few poets have been farmers and even if they had been the result would not have been different. Burns—the greatest of farmer poets sang the thoughts and ideas that are common to all humanity, and, for that reason, is as popular in college halls and

palaces as he is in the farmhouses. His love - songs, gushing from his heart, appeal to all lovers in all ages and of all classes. In short, a true poet has no fixed place. He may give his "airy nothings a local habitation and a name," but they belong to all the world; and all the world responds to his messages of hope and beauty.

But it is hardly fair to avoid the task assigned to me by taking such high ground. Candour compels me to admit that I have seen attempts at farm poetry, and Canadian farm poetry at that, which suggested possibilities. Many years ago I picked up a little volume of country poems, issued from the press of a

Peter McArthur needs no introduction. His writings are known throughout the length and breadth of Ontario already.

The farmer writer of Ekford sees many things that the lay mortal overlooks. "Poetry and the farm" say some, "why, such a paradox." But it is not paradoxical. It is—well it is just as Mr. McArthur says it is.

local paper that seemed to have the root of the matter in it. The little book was stolen later by a collector of literary curiosities, but one stanza engraved itself on my memory. It appears that the author's occupation was hauling milk to the cheese-factory, and most of his poems were composed to the music of the jingling cans while he was driving along the country roads. Those of my readers who have hauled milk will appreciate the poignant truthfulness of these lines. Having hauled milk myself for a few days I have no hesitation in giving them my heart-felt endorsement. Thus our poet:

"I'm lonesome since I quit the milk!

O yes, indeed, it's trying,

To think of those who were dressed in
silk

And went out with me riding."

Those who have hauled milk in a district where the milk-wagon is the recognized stage coach for farmers' wives and daughters when going shopping can understand just what our author had in mind. They can appreciate the tender conversations he recalled—the hours spent touching elbows with beauty while their utilitarian coach was followed by a rout of lean pigs, clamorous for whey. The picture it calls up belongs to the farm-lands and to Canada.

Another book of Canadian country poems which I once reviewed with what Robert Buchanan called "the splendid insolence of youth," left in my memory a couplet for which I predict immortality. McIntyre, the Cheese Poet of Ingersoll, an estimable man whom I regret having pained by a burlesque review, had occasional flashes of insight that amounted almost to genius. His muse worked close to the soil and in

his poem "On Big Crops" he wrote in all sober sincerity a couple of lines of unconscious satire that will outlive the graceful volumes of many a poet who made merry at his expense.

"Fifty bushels to the acre
Makes us grateful to our Maker."

Could anything express more exactly the material ambition and calculating piety of an altogether too large section of the farming community? If Burns had written that in his comic vein it would now be regarded as one of his most felicitous hits and would be quoted by all the world. But peace to McIntyre. His excursions into the domain of poetry furnished much amusement to the wits of a past generation, but it is possible that he has blundered into a fame more enduring than that of any of them.

Even if we had a true poet whose themes and figures were all drawn from farm life and experiences it is doubtful if his productions would be the favorite poetry of the farms. It has been found that all vocational poetry fails to appeal to those for whom it has been written. Sailors sing sentimental ballads instead of the great sea-songs that seem to give us the very savor of the brine; soldiers march to battle singing the choruses of the music-halls instead of the stirring and inspiring war-songs, and I am afraid no one will ever sing a song of the plow that will be sung by the man between the plow handles. A possible explanation of this may be that poets are almost all observers instead of workers. No matter how great his genius the observer can never strike the emotions of the man who is actually doing the work. Moreover, we are all human beings and what appeals strongly to one of us is

likely to appeal to all. "To be or not to be" is as much a question to the farmer as to the Prince of Denmark, and there must be times when even a king realizes as truly as the ploughman poet, that "A man's a man for a' that." All true poetry appeals to our common humanity rather than to our vocational experiences and that is why no poet, in spite of Keats, dies "Leaving great verse unto a little clan."

If his songs are true poetry he leaves them to all mankind.

But poetry is not entirely a matter of what Burns calls "stringing blethers up in rhyme." The worker who accomplishes things may be as much a poet as "The Masterless man," who has the gift of words. Beautiful thoughts may be expressed in deeds as well as in the trappings of rhetoric. This is a thought on which I might be tempted to expand were it not for rumors that have reached me regarding certain practices of the students at the O. A. C. They must be opposed to poets and poetry for I am told that they are much given to the practice of forcible hair-cutting, and all the world knows that every true poet must have long hair. But, come to think of it, it is only the poets of words who have long hair. Perhaps, the poets of action do not require this adornment. If this guess is true it is possible that our college may give us many poets of action who will help to make beautiful the world in which they labor. I hope so.

CHRISTMAS.

By Peter McArthur

Out of my soul's loneliness I call to the loneliness of others,
Send them a word of cheer, eagerly awaiting their answer.
Out of their loneliness they answer me, lonely no more,
And I no more am lonely, feeling their fellowship.

—Can. Courier.

NATURE'S POEMS.

"Comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love."—Solomon.

Poets, no matter what your fame,
I bid you one and all make way,
For I can put your best to shame
With poems of the common day.
Who cares for sonnet, ballad, lay,
That on the ground can lie at ease,
And to the limit tuck away
The poems growing on my trees?

King Solomon, when he would tame
His heart—fordone in Love's af-
fray—
For apples called, and ate the same,
But did not bid his harpers play.
And he of men was wisest. Yea,
He proved it by such deeds as these!
A bard himself, he well could weigh
The poems growing on my trees.

The Snow, with rounded cheeks
aflame,
On which the dewy kisses stay;
The Spy, that like a blushing dame,
Hides in the leaves her colors gay;
The Russet, like a sun-burned fay
Ravished from the Hesperides—
Too fair they seem for lips of clay,
The poems growing on my trees.

L'Envoi.

Prince, if you would taste them, say
The word and on my bended knees,
I'll offer, without thought of pay.
The poems growing on my trees.

Are You A Gentleman?

He Is Universal. Money No Standard.

YOU cannot confine him to any dictionary definition. In British law he is "a person who has no occupation." This is not the "gentleman" of whom I write. He may not possess a single quality that would so distinguish him. Neither can you limit this man

to any time or place, to any social status or rank, to any profession or trade. I have found him in the lumber woods, a common workman in the "gang", dining on salt pork, boiled beans, and black strap, and a real lumber-jack at heart. I have known him among the sailors of our great lakes, tossed upon the rolling waters, and standing by the sheets close-hauled in the teeth of the storm, a simon-pure jack-tar. I have discovered him a "navvy", in the pick and shovel gang of our railway construction work, toiling amid the grime or muck with equal cheerfulness, speaking a language I little understood, but a real diamond in the rough. And I have met him in the society of the refined and cultured, with a comfortable bank account, and a large degree of leisure. But wherever it has been my good fortune to

By REV. J. D. FITZPATRICK

make his acquaintance, or to get in touch with his life, I have learned to regard him as God's nobleman, one of the gems of the earth, a prince or a peer even in poverty, and to give him the largest place in my esteem.

His outstanding mark, if my estimate is correct, is his **Self-Respect**.

The capitals are necessary in that compound word. He possesses it in the superlative degree. It is opposed to three other terms, self-conceit, self-will, and selfishness, that I fear have sometimes been thought allied with it by those who do not discriminate. But a self-conceited puppy cannot be a real gentleman. The world has marked its disapproval of one possessed with self-conceit by calling him a "puppy." His emphasis is in

The days of King Arthur have passed. King Henry and his knights have vanished. The old forms of chivalry are as a song that has been sung. But the Human Heart is unaltered. Nobleness and strength and gentleness move in the 20th century breast as they did in that of Lancelot's. Only now we attribute them not to the gently born alone. Our vision is as broad as humanity. Perhaps we are gentlemen. Perhaps we are not. We have the shaping of our own destinies.

Mr. Fitzpatrick has labored in the lumber woods of the north and in the slums of Toronto. He has seen life under the surface. He has never said a word to please a molly-coddle. Are you a gentleman? Let him tell you.

in the wrong place. There is only one letter he ever writes with a capital. It is the first person singular. A gentleman's emphasis is always on the second or third person, singular or plural.

Self-will is the mark of an autocrat. An autocrat is a martinet, a slave driver, a whimsical tyrant. None of these terms are applicable to a gentle-

man. Selfishness includes self-concent and self-will, and any or all other terms that are equally despised or detestable, and any sign or evidence of such a spirit will immediately designate its possessor as not a gentleman.

A gentleman is a jealous individual. His jealousy, however, is for his self-respect, and for this alone. He is careful not to do or to allow anything in his life that would sully his self-regard, or to cause him to despise himself. At whatever cost, at whatever peril of misjudgment, even in the face of certain loss, he will keep himself to what he believes is right. He does not believe himself perfect. He knows from strict self knowledge that he is far from it. There are marks, more clear to him than to any other, of his weakness and failure, and insecurity. But he guards against these with the utmost vigilance.

Medical experts tell us that we are surrounded by disease germs. Our mouths are full of them, and often our hands are covered. But bacteria are little to be feared by men in robust health. Their opportunity lies in the weakness or laziness of men. Vigor and energy will defy their onslaughts and hurl them back harmless. It is lack of vigilance, or physical defect that allows disease bacilli to school and get a fatal grip. And it is carelessness that is dangerous to a gentleman's self-respect. He is therefore jealous. His jealousy is his alertness. His alertness is his safety.

It is quite possible that a gentleman may lack refinement, in the usual sense or application of that term. He may not have had the opportunities of the schools. He may have been deprived of the advantages of travel. He may even have missed the intellectual stimulus of books. But he has

what is absolutely essential, a fine, discriminating sense of honor. I do not reflect upon the value of the privileges he has missed. We cannot compute their worth. But it is even possible to miss these and yet be a gentleman.

He will accept defeat gallantly. On the athletic field, in the controversy of debate, or in the competition of business, he will play fair. To him the matter of his opponent being tricky, or dishonorable, will not sully his honor. If beaten unfairly he will protest in a manly fashion, and swallow his wrath. But if beaten fairly he will rejoice in the other's victory, and congratulate his conqueror with the utmost heartiness and sincerity. For in the games of life, whether in sport or business, a man's honor is vastly more valuable than any victory. And if the victory is won "off the square," no matter how great the applause, or how many dollars of gain it implies, it can bring only the satisfaction which gratifies the coward and sneak.

He has a fine sense of chivalry. No knight of old, with burnished helmet, cuirass, and spurs, was ever more gallant to woman than is the true gentleman of today. In fact his chivalry is broader than in the days of yore, for it includes all women. It is also more refined. The words "mother" and "sister" are sacred in his code. And his conduct toward, and conversation about any woman, is as honorable, and as chivalrous as it would be to these.

A man among men, pure minded, high principled, keenly sensitive and abhorrent of anything that has the taint of viciousness or vileness, a champion of woman's honor, who will always sacrifice himself that another may not suffer, this is my estimate of a gentleman.



CHRISTMAS



By E. HEARLE.



What It Means to Some.



And What It Means to Others

But the young, young children, O, my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly;
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
In the country of the free.
Oh! the little birds sang east,
And the little birds sang west;
And I smiled to think—God's goodness
Flows round our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness— His rest.—Elizabeth B. Browning.

Story Of A Baby Beef

The Simple Life On An Ontario Farm

ON a chilly
March morn-

By P. STEWART

**Not So Bad a
World After All.**

ing I awakened up cold and hungry. My tongue was dry and I sorely felt the need of some nourishment. When I first tried to stand, my legs became numb and I fell back into my bed of straw. This aroused my mother and in a second she was up, and standing over me licking my face and softly lowing encouragement. Soon I made another attempt and this time was successful in reaching my first breakfast. After a drink of milk, the like of which I have never tasted since, I lay down feeling quite contented and sleepy. A voice entirely different to my mother's disturbed me. It was now day and looking in at my stall door were two men. Mother told me they were the master and the hired man. "Another small calf," exclaimed the hired man. My master just smiled and said, "I have often had the small ones do better and make better cattle than the very large ones." I was a wee thing then, but my black sides shone in the light and my appetite was so great that during the first day I felt ashamed of the way I bothered my poor mother. She is just a grade cow and not very gainly in appearance. I did not feel very proud of being her calf, but when she showed me my father I did feel proud. He is a pretty black Polled Angus, low set and blocky in type. Anyone could tell he came of good stock, and mother assured me by saying he was registered in the herd book and had a long pedigree.

On the third day mother and I were taken out of our box stall. Mother was tied up where many cows were kept and I was carried into a pen with some other calves. At first we fretted for each other and the calves were not a bit nice to me. They frolicked around the pen and seemed to make merry of my sad plight. Towards noon the pen door was opened and all my fellows rushed out, each one making a bee line for its own mother. I followed suit and soon had dinner. Each day we were allowed to suckle three times and after a few days both mother and I were settled down, satisfied with seeing each other at meal times. By this time we were all well acquainted and nibbled a little sweet smelling clover hay together, between our suckling hours.

Throughout March and April several strangers came into our midst. Then one day late in May the master carried in a new calf, and after expressing his delight on the fine gains "his babies" were making he regretted this calf coming so late, "because," he said the cow will be giving her big June flow of milk before that calf is big enough to take care of it."

Where Growing Things Call.

As the days went by and June was close at hand our mothers and ourselves became restless. We could smell the green things out of doors, and wanted to leave our winter quarters. Our master saw how

anxious we were to be at large, but said that the grass must get a good start because it was yet too soft and watery to make nourishing feed. So we had to be patient until the time should come. At first we were allowed out in a small field along with our mothers for a few hours each day. Those were the busy hours for the old cows. So eager were they after the new grass that they seemed to almost drink it up. They were happy hours indeed for us calves. We nibbled the fragrant growth, played around each other and had long sleeps, stretched out in the warm sunshine. Mother's milk took on a finer flavor and she gave more of it. So much did the cows give that one of the younger calves became very sick and all the fun went out of it for a day or two.

By the middle of June we lived outdoors day and night. Our mothers were turned into a big pasture field, and we had the run of an orchard. Stanchions were provided into which the old cows were driven morning and evening, while we suckled. Our master said this method was better than the custom some people have of letting the calves run with the cows all the time. The calves, he said, eat more grass and rest in more comfort. The cows are allowed to graze without being disturbed by the frequent nursings of the calves. It was really better for all concerned, but seemed quite harsh at first to us young things.

Why We Were.

During the summer our pasture lot was a centre of interest for all visitors to the farm. People came from all quarters to look at us, and our master never seemed to tire of singing our praises. Often did he relate how it

was just by chance he began raising beef in preference to dairying. It came about thus. Labor was hard to get, hard to keep and hard to pay. The mistress became tired of washing milk utensils and working butter. There was always a lot of the rougher feed going to waste, which could not be consumed profitably by heavy milking cows during the winter. Now the work in the house has been agreeably lessened as there is one man less to feed and no milk pails, etc. to take care of. There is not the constant rush through all kinds of weather to catch milk trains. On Sundays and holidays the people of the farm can take a day off without slighting their work, and we go on growing just the same. Best of all master says this change has been made without any financial sacrifice. It is a cash paying, soil building proposition standing firmly on beef raising as a foundation.

The Beginning of the End.

When the nights grew chilly in September and the grass became bare, our master placed a trough in our pasture lot and out of curiosity we tasted of the meal scattered in it. This seemed to be just what we required and from day to day the quantity was gradually increased. By the middle of October we were eating much meal and still gaining rapidly in flesh. Then came a sad time, for one morning after we had bunted from our dams the last drop of warm milk, we were driven indoors. Never again did I see my poor mother except for a few daily farewell suckles.

Strange to say I did not miss my mother much. The meal was so good and the fresh clover hay so palatable and nourishing that any healthy calf could not help but to go on gaining.

Now the days are short and out-doors snow lies thick on the barnyard. In my stall I feel very drowsy and cozy. There are fifteen of us and master says there is not enough pasture on his 200 acres to carry us

over another summer. Buyers have been to see us and say we will average 550 pounds. Our mission in life is almost ended, and I feel we must go the way of all good baby beeves.



A Christmas Gathering

An Old Fashioned Christmas in Durham County

IT was the day before Christmas, and we young fledglings who remained in the home nest were eagerly expecting the return on Christmas eve of all the older birds who had, one after another, ventured forth with mates to make nests of their own. My! but there was a host of us, as we youngsters discovered when we began to count up our numbers on that day of expectancy. There were seven of us at home, or "around home", in various stages of flight and independence. Besides these seven, one brother was the teacher at the village school half a mile from home. Another was on his farm three miles west, and a married sister six miles south. Four sisters and a brother lived thirty miles or so to the north. Altogether, we were a good old-fashioned Ontario family. Some had left the home before the youngest of us were born, and this Christmas all the children, young and old, near and far, were expected, and if they came, we should all be together for the first time. We youngsters were alert with the novelty of the thing. Father and mother were awaiting the day with a deeper, tenderer feeling, touched with

By PROF. J. B. REYNOLDS

a pathetic sense, that, as it was the

first, so it would be probably the last complete home-gathering. And so it proved to be.

The five families from the north were to drive the whole distance, and part of the journey was on the ice across Lake Scugog. The weather had been very unpromising. It had been snowing or drifting for two or three days, and now the roads were blocked from side to side, and the zig-zag lines of the snake fences were obliterated by a surface of glaring white. There was always a certain degree of danger in crossing the ice, on account of "breathing holes" and cracks, and to avoid these, wide detours sometimes had to be made. In a state of delightful uncertainty, the children at home spent the day in speculating on the probability of a complete family gathering. The older ones, wise in the lore of winter roads in Ontario, tried hard to frighten the little ones as to the dangers of the lake transit and the hazards of the blocked roads.

"I heard of a man last week," said Sam, "that was driving across the lake after dark. He drove right into a big crack in the ice, and him and his team was both drowned."

Our imaginations stretched to picture the scene, and we were properly impressed.

"Last Saturday, just south of Enniskillen," added William, "a man came to the top of a pitch-hole, and saw two men at the bottom trading horses."

"If they come" remarked John, "they'll have to drive through the fields, and stop to take down every fence."

"It will be a pity if they don't come," piped little Joe, nine years old. "Mother has lots of good things ready for Christmas dinner. And we are all going to hang our stockings up," he added, with apparent irrelevance. Though he believed implicitly in Santa Claus, the joy of Christmas would be brightened by having visitors to show his little gifts to.

"I was in the pantry this morning," volunteered Charlie, "and saw the geese and the fresh pork mother has ready to roast tomorrow, and apple sauce and mince pies and a plum pudding. Say, won't we have a feed?"

All that day men had been out cutting a road through the deep snow.

Ours was a main travelled road, and by the middle of the afternoon it had been cleared for some distance east and west so that a horse could manage to flounder through the loose snow left in the deep cutting. But it was hopeless to think of thirty long miles of road to be cleared between us and our wished-for guests. Late in the afternoon we walked to the village to spy along the road from the hill-top. It was cold, and the keen wind was armed with stinging barbs of snow that pricked cruelly into our faces. Snow-drifts were rapidly forming and filling the road cleared earlier in the day. From the hill-top we could

see nothing, not a break in the gray whiteness of the long stretch of road except when a heavier gust of wind lifted a cloud of snow and hid the road from our view. We struggled home, up to our knees in the loose snow, our hearts sunk in disappointment.

No sooner had we reached home than we looked back, from the vantage point of our front porch, over the road we had come, for one last gaze through the darkening snow-filled air. There, just at the crest of the hill we had left twenty minutes before, we saw two dark objects coming westward. These could not be neighbors returning from town, we concluded, for no cutters had passed our road that day. Was it possible they were coming, after all? We watched the two cutters come briskly down the opposite hill, and disappear from sight at the bridge. In a few minutes they re-appeared, and came on with a merry jingle of bells. Whoever they were; they would have to turn in at our gate or go back, for past that point the road had filled again, and a high board fence was on each side. At the gate they turned in without hesitation, and in a moment we were joyously greeting two-fifths of the expected number from the north. Their coming was doubly welcome by reason of the news they brought. With faster horses and lighter loads they had passed the others on the way, and we were assured that we might look for the other three parties in half an hour. Shortly after dark our company was complete. The reception-room was the wide kitchen, where the supper table was spread, and the red light of the lamp, and the warmth of the stove, offered a pleasing contrast to the cold and the dark

outside. As each party entered, mother's low tender tones as she unwrapped the babies from their many folds of shawls could be occasionally heard amid the vociferous greetings of children. Father supported with dignity his patriarchal honors as head of such a household, and his "God bless you, my children. Welcome home," was felt by all, young and old, to be adequate to the momentous occasion.

Supper done, and the babies of the third generation put to sleep, bedtime rules for the home youngsters were suspended for a little while, and we assembled in the big dining-room, where meals were served when the minister visited us, and on other state occasions. Here we listened to the stories of the day's adventures on the road, of upsets and delays, and thrilling escapes by land and lake. Reminiscences, too, were related, of the earlier homelife before we younger ones were born, and the married brothers and sisters openly boasted, before father and mother, of madcap pranks and escapades that made our later at-

tempts in that direction seem tame. Have we ever enjoyed such another evening? The excitement of the arrivals, the varied interest of the stories, the hero-worship, the credulity, the freshness of spirit, all were there to make the evening an epoch. Too soon the word was passed for us to prepare for bed.

Secure in our faith in Santa Claus, we did not forget to hang our stockings from our bed-posts. And Santa Claus came, but he must have been possessed that night of a hobgoblin spirit, for besides the usual Christmas apparatus, candies and nuts and raisins, and toys, too big for the stocking hung independently from the bed-posts, we found next morning in our stockings, carefully wrapped in paper and tied with string, potatoes and onions, and even, in one of the bigger stockings, a turnip. We have since been led to suspect, after having been disillusioned of our faith in Santa Claus, that the mischievous spirit of our elders did not die within them when they themselves became sober heads of families.



THE WINDOW WISHERS

The little window wishers, with their tender eyes of blue,
 Standing there before the toy shops, don't they touch the heart of you?
 Don't you almost shiver with them as their tattered clothes you see,
 The ragged little urchins, with their patches on each knee?
 Can you see them longing, yearning in sweet childhood's wistful way
 And forget them in your planning for a merry Christmas day?
 Oh, the little window wishers, baby hearts and baby eyes,
 With their trusting faith in Santa gazing there in glad surprise
 At the dollies and the soldiers and the Teddy Bears, believing

That they will not be forgotten. Can you see them without grieving?
 Can you think of them on Christmas when the merry morning starts
 Disillusioned, waking up to empty stockings—broken hearts?

Oh, the little window wishers, looking longingly to-day
 At the wonders in the toy shops in sweet childhood's wistful way.
 Dreaming dreams of Christmas stockings filled with candies and with toys;
 Just as full of faith and fancy as your own girls and your boys,
 When you see their big eyes glisten as these splendid things they view
 Can you rush by and forget them, don't they touch the heart of you?

What Shall We Do?---5

Life At The Capital. The Civil Service.

I have frequently been asked by young men or by their parents my opinion of the civil service as a field for life work. It has been my invariable rule to point out that unless one is qualified to fill a position in the higher grades of the service one should give the matter very careful consideration before joining the great army of government workers. It is true that occasionally the higher places are reached step by step from the bottom through well merited promotion, but as a rule an ordinary clerkship in a large department affords more than a mere living with little to be hoped for beyond a more or less secluded and suppressed life.

On the other hand my advice has at times been sought by ambitious fellows as to the opportunities afforded by the Dominion civil service for the graduate of an agricultural college, and in such cases I have never hesitated to assure the questioner that his chances for a desirable kind of life were good if he honestly endeavored to fulfil the obligations laid upon him.

By J. B. SPENCER

Always Room
at the Top.

The Dominion department of agriculture is a large and growing institution requiring for its work a large staff of men and women. There is found comparatively little difficulty in procuring through

the agency of the civil service commission the necessary workers for the lower grades, but there is seldom a time when positions in the higher grades are not awaiting properly qualified men to fill them. The experimental farms alone, embracing the Central Farm at Ottawa, and a score of branch farms, stations and substations distributed over the Dominion, require many trained men qualified to direct work in all branches of agriculture. So far as college graduates

have been available these have been secured and placed under the director at Ottawa in charge of these institutions or as assistants to oversee certain lines of agriculture.

While the branch farms and stations have and will continue to provide good positions for qualified men the Central Farm at Ottawa is almost

Who has taken a trip to our little old Capital and forgotten it? "See Naples and die," comes an echo from the past. "But see Ottawa and live," exclaims a Canadian gazing from Parliament Hill through the mists of Chadieu upon the purpling fastnesses of the Gatineau.

Ottawa is not all pleasure however. That is mostly on the surface. Ottawa spells work to thousands of civil servants. Many receive high wages and are glad. Many do not and are sad. The civil service has been likened to a church wedding--everyone outside wants in, while everyone inside wants out.

J. B. Spencer, editor of the publications branch, tells all about it. Maybe you will change your present plans when you have read his article.

always on the lookout for capable graduates, and it is seldom that a vacancy of importance is filled until the right man is found. Whereas only a short time ago a single graduate in the person of the present director managed both the live stock and field work, there are now employed three graduates from Guelph. A similar state of affairs obtains in the horticultural division, the cereal division and in several other sections of the farm system.

Work Always Counts.

From the nature of these institutions the work that is accomplished is not "hidden under a bushel," but is open and observed by the thousands who visit these farms from month to month. All this proves an incentive to the workers whose achievements are readily recognized, frequently ending in the offer of a better position in another institution making way for a successor to go in and "win his spurs."

Then there are the several other branches of the department, all of which offer opportunities for fine service. Within little more than a year two graduates have been added to the staff of the live stock branch, while the seed branch is constantly taking on new men. Nor are these and many similar positions filled at low salaries. Seldom does an appointee commence at less than \$1,200 per year, while \$1,600 is not an uncommon rate for men who have shown by experience after graduation that they possess special attainments.

The Big Farm System.

The federal department of agriculture which includes the live stock, health of animals, seed, publications

and dairy and cold storage branches as well as the experimental farms system under which the Dominion agriculturist, live stock husbandman, cerealist, horticulturist, botanist, entomologist, chemist, apiarist and poultryman do their work, provides an attractive and extensive field for the energies of the agricultural college graduate, but an even richer territory is opened by the operations of the Agricultural Instruction Act passed at the 1912-13 session of parliament, which provides for the spending by the provinces of \$10,000,000 of federal money for agricultural instruction. Much of this vast sum will be spent in extending and carrying on college work which can be done only through the medium of the trained man. Besides there is unmistakable evidence that the district representative idea, that is meeting with so great favor in Ontario, will rapidly spread over the other provinces, calling clearly and loudly for the ex-student to take up the work.

Nothing has been said about the openings provided by the work of the commission of conservation. The section of this commission which deals with agriculture is doing work all over Canada that needs the services of the college man.

Work While You May.

The harvest of opportunities for the agricultural college ex-student is truly great and in comparison the laborers are few. Let those who would engage in public service lose no opportunity to fit themselves for the opportunities that will come to them for the upbuilding of Canadian rural life. Let them take the work of preparation seriously, not only during study hours and in the class rooms,

but allow no occasion to pass to exercise the use of the pen and the tongue in the public expression of worthy thought. Without the ability to express one's ideas clearly, forcibly and

agreeably through the press, the pamphlet and from the public platform, one need have little hope of rising above the rank of an assistant to that of a chief officer.



The Dividing Line

Why A Difference In Variety Means Dollars

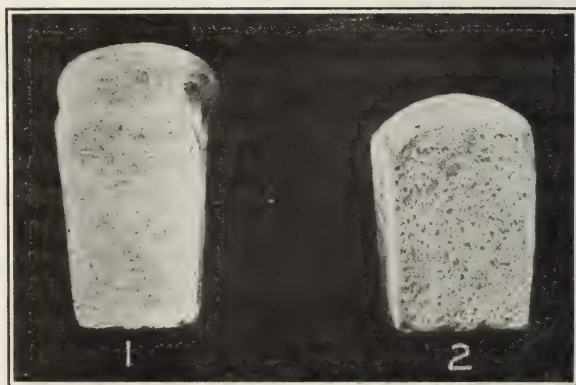
IT was Christmas day and the

By J. N. ALLEN

We listened very attentively and ob-

Curries were all at home for Christmas dinner. The contents of the large baskets which they had brought with them had been trans-

served that the particles of wheat in one loaf called the particles of wheat in the other loaf by a particular name which was "Crim." "Crim"



No. 1—Loaf from Crimean Red. No. 2—Loaf from Dawson's Golden Chaff.

ferred to the long dining-room table causing it to groan beneath the weight of good things.

Above the groaning of the table could be heard strange small voices. The turkey and Christmas beef were debating which was relished more. The apples were sure they were preferred to the oranges. While over on one corner the small particles of wheat in two loaves of bread made from different flours were hotly discussing which was favored by the farmer.

also had a name for the particles in the other loaf, it was "Chaff."

The Story of the Crimean.

"Chaff," said Crim, "wouldn't you like to form a nice light loaf of bread like I have? I am very glad I am not of such inferior quality as you are. People who are fond of good bread do not desire you, because you are too heavy. You are too tough and doughy, besides you haven't the attractive color which I have."

But Chaff was not going to be dis-

couraged by a mere argument without presenting his own good points.

"I am very sorry for you, Crim, because you are so narrow-minded. Why do you not consider other things besides the quality of bread which you make? You were not always bread. Once you were a grain of wheat sown by a farmer to produce more wheat which could be made into flour and this, in turn, made into bread. If the farmer could not make money in selling you he would not grow you at all. It is not, then, just as important to consider your yield per acre as the quality of bread flour you may be able to produce? I think we are arguing at a disadvantage and to overcome this I should propose that each of us be allowed to give an account of our whole history, enumerating our good qualities. After considering this we will be able to arrive at a more just decision regarding which of us is the more profitable for the farmer to grow. You will be allowed the privilege of speaking first."

After much discussion it was agreed that Crim should speak after Timothy Currie had finished his second helping of turkey, while Chaff must conclude his argument by the time the nuts were passed the third time.

Crim immediately began: "You call me Crim, but my name is 'Crimmean Red.' I am a red winter wheat. I am not quite as heavy as some of the red wheats but I am heavier than the white wheats, including yourself. I am also harder, with a higher percentage of protein and a greater yield of flour per bushel of wheat than any of the white wheats have.

"One year ago last fall, I think about the third of September, I was disturbed from my quiet rest in a

large bin where I had been placed after the threshing. I was poured into a box-like structure which shook me very severely until I fell through a screen; then a great wind struck me and if I had not been a large, plump kernel I would have been blown away, but I passed out with a lot more plump kernels into a bag.

"I was next drawn out to the field and the bag in which I was contained was emptied into a seed drill. As this was drawn over the soft ground which was in a good state of cultivation, we worked our way to the bottom of the box and through tubes into the moist ground. It was dark here, but the warmth and moisture of the soil caused me to swell up and soon I sent out hair-like sprouts. These soon reached the surface of the ground and the part above the surface turned green. I was no longer a grain of wheat. I was a small green plant with a white root. The warm showers made me grow very quickly, but when the weather grew colder I was afraid I would be killed by the severe freezing. One morning I was awakened and was surprised to find myself quite warm. I was covered by a blanket of soft, white snow.

"I was under this blanket of snow for a long time, and had begun to wonder if I would ever get out from under it or not, when one day the light began to peep in. It was the spring. The warm sun soon melted the snow, dried the ground and made my green top appear still greener. As the weather grew warmer I could feel my green part stretching up higher and higher and my roots finding their way deeper into the ground. I continued to grow for some time. One day I heard the firing of guns and saw people hoisting flags. Every-

one was celebrating Victoria Day. I thought I should like to celebrate, so I stuck my green head, which I had formed and kept hidden, out from behind two leaves. This made me quite tall and I was very proud, especially when I began to turn yellow after my head was exposed to the light. In a short time I was of a golden color, my straw was quite stiff, and I was a matured wheat kernel along with several others in this yellow head.

"My stem was soon cut off and tied in a bundle with several others, so we could be placed in stooks to dry. The farmer came with a big wagon and gathered all the sheaves on it and drew them into the barn. I had been resting here about two weeks when the threshers came.

"One day after all the wheat had been threshed, the farmer came along and said: 'this is an excellent sample of wheat. I must weigh a measured bushel.' He was so pleased when it weighed 63 pounds that he said 'he would send a sample to the chemical laboratory at the Ontario Agricultural College and have its flour compared with flour of other Ontario wheats.' But I did not go there. I was sent to a country mill where my outside coat was removed and the rest of my kernel was ground into flour. I was fortunate enough to be some of the flour chosen by Mrs. Currie to make the bread for the Christmas dinner."

"It is my turn now," interrupted Chaff. "See what Timothy has done to that second helping."

The Story Dawson Told.

"In my natural state," continued Chaff, "I am a grain of white wheat. My name is Dawson's Golden Chaff. I believe I am the most profitable

wheat for an Ontario farmer to grow. I am the most widely grown wheat in Ontario because I have given the best results. I do not weigh quite so much per measured bushel as you do, but I yield more pounds per acre, and my straw is stiffer than yours.

"I was planted at the same time of the year as you were and my history for sometime afterward was practically the same as yours. I grew, passed through the winter, ripened and was threshed in the same way you were. I was also a good plump kernel, and the farmer who grew me decided to send some of my brothers to the chemical laboratory at the Ontario Agricultural College. The little mill at home was the place where I was made into flour. My brown, outside coat was removed, and the remainder of my body was ground up into nice white flour.

"About three days ago I heard Mrs. Currie say: 'Wednesday will be Christmas, I must bake some bread from that choice flour we had made at the little mill some time ago.'

"All the small particles were mixed with a wet, sticky substance—yeast, I think it is called. After being thoroughly mixed we were allowed to stand for some time, and very much to my surprise we began to grow and we grew until we had filled the big pan to the top. When Mrs. Currie noticed how full the pan was she divided us into oval pieces and put us in smaller tins. We grew some more here, but we did not have a chance to do so for long as we were put in an oven which was very hot. When we were taken out of here we had turned into bread."

Much to our disappointment the nuts were passed the third time and the argument was finished.

Now What Does the Allegory Mean?

We had listened very attentively to the argument and had become intensely interested. We were very anxious to know which wheat was the more profitable, and to satisfy our curiosity we searched the house until we found the report of the Ontario Agricultural College. After a time we found it on a shelf in the library. We found the report of the professor of chemistry and compared the results obtained from the baking tests of the two wheats.

They were compared with a standard which was a sample of the ordinary blended flour obtained on the market. These were the results: Bread made from Dawson's Golden Chaff was superior to the standard sample in most points, but was inferior to the bread made from the Crimean Red.

Taking the standard as 100, this was the score awarded the other two varieties:

We gathered from these results that Crimean Red Wheat made the best bread. The loaf was larger, lighter and of a better color. Showing it to be the better bread-making wheat. But this is not all that concerns a farmer; he must also consider the yield. Dawson's Golden Chaff is a better yielder, the straw is stronger — a wheat which may be relied upon to give a fair yield every year.

The question then to decide was: "Shall we sacrifice yield per acre and grow wheat with better bread-making qualities?" The general feeling seemed to be in favor of the wheat which would produce the larger yield, and that Dawson's Golden Chaff was the better wheat for the Ontario farmer to grow. He cannot find it profitable to sacrifice the good yielding quality of the Dawson for the increased bread-making quality of the Crimean Red.

	Wet Gluten.	Absorption.	Yield.	Volume.	Quality of Bread		
	P.C.	P.C.	Grns.	C.C.	Color.	Tex- ture.	Appear- ance.
Standard		49.4	494	1810	100	100	100
Crimean Red	38.80	57.6	485	2270	106	105	120
Dawson's Golden Chaff	30.30	51.2	476	1770	104	104	102

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS BY MASTER MINDS

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—Philip James Bailey.

Nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence save friendship.
—Shakespeare.

Many happy years, unbroken friendships and cheerful recollections.—Dickens.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose friends out of sight, in faith to muse how grows in Paradise our store.—Keble.

The Stars Of The Earth!

Winter Plants and Flowers For The Farm Home

THE culture of plants and flowers in and around farm homes has become an increasingly recognized feature of farm life, more especially during the past few years. One has only to glance through the columns of our daily and weekly newspapers, as well as through the

By W. HUNT.

A trip through any part of old Ontario will give also ample proof of the increased interest taken in the beautifying of farm home surroundings. There is still plenty of room for further advances in this respect, even in the oldest and best settled districts.

Not only are plants and flowers



Single White Dutch Hyacinths grown by Sophomore Class, 1911.

pages of farm magazines and other periodicals, and compare them with similar literature of twenty-five or thirty years ago, to realize this.

There is no up-to-date agricultural journal of to-day, that does not devote a considerable part of its space to the subject of floriculture. It is recognized as an acceptable feature in agricultural literature. The demand on the part of readers for more information on this subject has necessitated and warranted this change.

now considered to be a valuable asset around the farm home from a decorative and aesthetic point of view, but they are also recognized as a feature that enhances the marketable value of the farm. Bright, pleasing surroundings have an attractive value to the passer-by and to the community, that cannot be estimated.

The social, intellectual and recreative good that naturally ensues from the culture of plants and flowers, more especially to the younger mem-

bers of the family and the ladies of the household, who spend the greater part of their time in and about the home, has also to be considered.

There are several factors that have been mainly instrumental in causing this increased interest in the beautifying of farm homes. Farm literature, farmers' and women's institutes, horticultural societies, school

given teachers and scholars in the work of school gardens by the departments just mentioned, are already showing good results throughout the province. The children's exhibit of flowers and vegetables has also become one of the popular features at our fall fairs. These are some of the main factors that are exerting this influence.

Flowers are also being recognized as a profitable market commodity. Many instances might be cited, where farmers near a city or town are adding considerably to their revenue by the sale of cut flowers, more especially in summer time.

Plants and flowers give an air of refinement and comfort to any farm home. The most unpretentious farm house can be made attractive, bright and home-like by a judicious selection of plants and flowers around and about it.

Happiness and contentment are two necessary and powerful factors in home life, and anything that tends to inspire or encourage these in a family or community is of incalculable benefit. Plants and flowers have a prominent place in preventing and dispelling the feeling of unrest and aversion to farm life that is all too common with a great many of our young people of the present day. Plants and flowers encourage a love for the pure life of a farm home in all its rural attractiveness. Floriculture is the finishing touch of agriculture and of all rural art.

I have gone somewhat away from my subject in the preceding lines, but trust I may be excused, as the importance of beautifying farm homes and making them as attractive as possible is a subject, that all who have the progress and welfare of our great



Pure Single White Dutch Hyacinth—"L'Innocence"

children's gardens, and the school fairs recently established by the departments of Agriculture and Education of the province, have all had an influence in the beautifying of farm homes.

The summer classes of school teachers, who have taken horticulture and elementary agriculture at the college during the past few years, and the encouragement

agricultural country at heart, should interest themselves in.

Culture and Care of Plants Indoors.

The growing of plants and flowers for the farm home in winter is not as difficult or risky in these days of furnace-heated houses and coal stoves, as it was in the wood-fire days of a quarter of a century ago. One of the main essentials for the successful growing of plants and flowers is an equable and suitable temperature. The temperature need not be an extremely high one. A minimum of 50 degrees Fahr. at night, and from 60 degrees to 65 degrees in the day—an ordinary house temperature—suits most plants and flowers very well.

One of the most difficult features to overcome in growing plants and flowers in winter, indoors, is the dry, over-heated, and sometimes gas-laden atmosphere, that is often found in a furnace-heated house. A fairly moist, humid atmosphere, is very necessary to almost all plants to secure a healthy growth. A dry, arid atmosphere also induces attacks of insect pests, one of the greatest drawbacks to growing window and house plants.

Any method such as placing saucers of water underneath and around the plants, or on the heat radiators, or a steaming kettle of water on the stove, will help materially in this respect.

Spraying the foliage of the glabrous or glossy-leaved plants with a fine spray of clear water once a week, or sponging the leaves with clear water will help to keep the foliage healthy, and counteract to a great extent the harm caused by a dry, over-heated atmosphere. Plants having a very rough or hirsute foliage should not have the foliage sprinkled or

sprayed. Keep the atmosphere as humid as possible for these by the evaporation process first mentioned.

Watering Plants.

Water plants at the roots thoroughly and only when they need it. When the surface of the soil is dry and powdery, or if when the side of the pot is tapped with the knuckles it



Chrysanthemum—"Smith's Advance"—An Early Flowering Favorite.

emits a ringing sound, the plant should be given a good watering, sufficient to moisten all the soil. Then withhold water until the soil shows signs of being dry again.

Frequent surface watering alone is not the way to water plants. Use tepid water at a temperature of about 50 degrees Fahr. Do not use fresh, ice-cold, spring water in winter.

Water that has been standing for a day or two in an open pail or tub, or clean rain water is best for plants.

The Best Kinds.

Among the best kind of plants for winter growing are Geraniums, *Cal-la* (Arum Lily), *Epiphyllum truncatum*, or Lobster Cactus as it is sometimes called, and the small bulbous-rooted *Oxalis* (*Oxalis rosea*) with its pretty rose pink flowers and its sham-rock-like leaves. These are a few of the best permanent-growing flowering plants for winter flowering.

A plant or two of *asparagus plumosus*, often wrongly called *Asparagus fern*, and a plant of *Asparagus sprengeri* with a Boston fern or perhaps one of the more decorative types of this fern known as lace ferns, will be found satisfactory.

The *Ficus elastica* (rubber plant), *Araucaria excelsa* (Norfolk Island Pine), and a plant of the *Aspidistra*, a glossy, broad-leaved plant, are all good, enduring foliage plants for the house. *Chrysanthemums* are very bright and cheering in late fall and early winter. These last named can be grown from cuttings or divisions of old plants in March, and grown from the end of May until September in the open garden, when they should be potted to flower indoors. The old plants can be kept over winter in a window or light cellar.

There are no plants, however, so satisfactory for winter flowering and so easily grown, as what are known as Dutch flowering bulbs, such as *Hyacinths* and *Narcissus*. By potting a few White Roman *Hyacinth* bulbs or Paper White *Narcissus* bulbs in October they can be had in flower by Christmas time. Dutch *Hyacinths*, and the Trumpet varieties of *Narcis-*

sus potted at the same time, can be had in flower in January or February.

The Von Sion (double), Bi-color *Victoria*, Golden Spur, Emperor and Empress are good trumpet varieties of *Narcissus*. The single flowering Dutch *Hyacinths* are considered best for pot culture. Good varieties of Dutch *Hyacinths* are L'Innocence, La Neige, Paix de la Europe, Queen *Victoria*, and La Grandesse, white; Nor-



Narcissus—"Golden Spur."

ma, Lady Derby, Gertrude, and Lord Macaulay, pink and red; Grand Maître, Grand Lilas, Charles Dickens, and King of the Blues, pale and dark blue colors. The bulbs can be purchased at small cost at seed stores. These bulbs mentioned may be potted as late as Christmas, but the earlier potted bulbs give the best results. Tulips are not as satisfactory as those named, for indoor flowering in winter.

Potting Bulbs.

Bulbs should be potted in rather light, loamy soil with some sand mixed with it. The soil need not be very rich in fertilizers. One part sand, one part leaf mould (black soil from the bush), six parts of light, loamy garden soil or well rotted sod, and three parts of dry pulverized cow manure or well decomposed barnyard manure mixed with these, will make a good compost for bulbs or almost all kinds of house plants.

Pot the bulbs so that they nearly touch each other when set in position in the pots, and so that the top of the bulb is just under the surface of the soil. Water them thoroughly and set them in a cool, dark place in the cellar for five or six weeks to get a good root system developed, then bring them into the window to flower.

Dutch Hyacinth bulbs are best put one in the centre of a five-inch pot, the Narcissus two or three in a five-inch pot. More bulbs can be put in larger pots, or even in boxes, and grown successfully in the way stated.

Good quality bulbs, and securing a good root system before top growth starts, are two of the main points in successful bulb culture.

Freesias.

Another splendid easily grown bulb is the *Freesia refracta alba*. Five or six of these bulbs put into soil in a five-inch pot in September or October

and the pot set at once in the window, and not given too much water until the top growth has well started, will produce fine sprays of white deliciously perfumed flowers in January or February, that will perfume the whole of the house. The *Freesia* is essentially an amateur's flower.

A bulb or two of Chinese Sacred Lily set one in a large, deep saucer in October, and the bulb packed well around with gravel stones, the saucer filled and kept filled with water, and placed in a cool, dark cupboard for three or four weeks, will flower in the window before Christmas.

These are a few of the plants that may be grown under the average conditions existing in most farm homes. A great deal more might be written on this subject if space permitted.

It is most gratifying to one who has been interested in this matter of the beautifying of farm homes for many years past to see the noticeable progress that is being made. Farm homes can be made beautiful and picturesque looking with a few inexpensive plants and flowers, that will help to make rural life pleasant and agreeable, and also help in a great measure to solve the vexed question of the exodus of so many of our young people from the farm home.

Bright, pleasing surroundings induce contentment, contentment brings happiness, and to promote happiness to ourselves and others should be one of the main aims of our lives.

A FALLEN LEAF

By Ela Wheeler Wilcox

A trusting little leaf of green,
A bold audacious frost,
A rendezvous, a kiss or two,
And youth forever lost.
Ah me,
The bitter, bitter cost.

A flaming patch of vivid red,
That quivers in the sun;
A windy gust, a grave of dust,
The little race is run.
Ah me,
Were that the only one.

When The Whippoorwill Calls

First Prize Story In Review Competition

NENA, I've loved you ever since I first knew you. I can't live without you. Won't you—?"

"You don't love me Jamie," doubted the maid, "you just think you do. When you go away you'll meet some other girl and forget all about me."

"No Nena, never," he protested. "To-morrow I'm going away for a long time. Won't you say you'll let me work for you and for the home we'll have some day?"

The September moon peeped over the tree tops and steeped hill and dale in mellow light. Weird shadows lay across the white roadway. A wandering breeze toyed with the leaves. Farmhouses where the occupants already slept made darker shadows here and there. A single light burned in a distant window like a watchful eye. A dog barked. Then all was silent.

"Won't you say 'yes,' Nena?" Still she demurred. "I do not know you yet, Jamie. How can I know that I love you? And, besides, I couldn't marry a farmer."

The well-groomed driver pranced gingerly along. His sleek coat shone in the light. His alert ears were intent on the roadway and bushes, but turned back inquiringly when the low voices reached him.

"But, I love you. How often must I tell you before you will believe?" She smiled, "Oh a thousand times," she said, "perhaps two thousand."

"Won't you make me happy to-night, Nena? Won't you say the word that will make the long days

By ROY L. VINING. bright when I'm away from you, Sweetheart? Won't you?"

"I can't to-night, Jamie; not to-night."

The moon climbed higher. A pull on the reins quickened the walk to a trot. The rubber tires spun noiselessly over the smooth roadway.

II.

It is the old story. The wise man has said there is nothing new under the sun. Lovers have often parted thus; the youth pleading his love, the maid half-consenting, yet unwilling to surrender.

Jamie McIntyre was going out into the world, as many youths have gone from Ontario farms. The call of the city was in his blood. Rosy dreams of the future filled his brain.

It did not matter that an aging father would be left alone to manage the farm. It did not matter that real friends had counselled him to stay. It did not matter that his mother wept as she packed his trunk. He was young. Youth knows no barriers. Life had many lessons to teach him.

"It's no use, mother," he argued. "I'm going to make good in the city. The farm's too slow for me. Dad and I can't get on. He's always finding something wrong. When I'm rich you'll come to live in town with me and leave the old farm."

His mother sighed. Always when she spoke of his staying at home he urged this excuse and pleaded this inducement. He never talked with his father after the day when he had broken the news: "I'm going to work

in the city this fall, dad. I'm tired of the farm."

The old man had not urged him to stay. Like all his kind, the most independent people in the world, he would not do this. He had seen the day coming for a long time. He had watched the growing discontent, and indifference to the interests of the farm, ever since Nena Clarke had come to teach in the corner school-house.

She was a city girl. She did not understand the ways of the country. She did not sympathise with the life of country people. But she had won Jamie's love. She had sown the seed of discontent in his heart, had taught him to long for city life, as she had taught the school children to read and write.

He had visited at her home during the holidays. Now she was back to finish her year in the school. And Jamie was leaving the farm.

III.

Months passed. He had begun to learn life's lessons. What had seemed a city fair, he saw a grim task-master, enacting long hours of toil from those who served. There had been little freedom. He was a stranger and city hospitality was not like the homely welcome he had known in the country.

From the window of his room, he looked out over the street, one evening more than two years' later. The first snow flakes were in the air. Delivery wagons passed, splashed with frozen mud. Electric lights twinkled here and there. The cold gray darkness of the November night came down like a pall.

Two letters lay upon his table. He turned and picked up one. The ad-

dress was in the old-fashioned hand he knew so well.

"Makes me wish I were home to-night," he mused, as he read it again. "I'm lonesome. Homesick, I guess. But never mind. I'm going home at Christmas. This city life isn't what it seemed a couple of years ago. Those restaurant meals aren't like mother's used to be."

Then the old home seemed to pass before him. He saw his gray, old dad sitting by the kitchen stove. The day's work was done. The lantern, with its cracked, smoky glass, was beside the woodbox ready for the morning. A pile of kindling wood lay beside the stove. A pair of heavy plow boots were placed so that they would be dry by morning. Two thick, woollen socks hung comfortably over the oven door.

"Poor old dad," he sighed. "I wish I were home to-night. You weren't always to blame when we disagreed. Perhaps we'd get on better if I came back now."

He seemed to see his mother knitting. She always used to knit when he had been at home evenings. It seemed so long ago. It was only two short years. She was knitting—not with the heavy gray yarn she had used when he was home—but with something finer spun and black. "Socks," he said, "Socks for me. Just like mother. She was always thinking of me and working for me."

The farm kitchen where the old folks sat seemed to grow clearer, like a film that is developed in a dark room. He saw the shining stove and the clean-scrubbed floor. He saw the table with its oil-cloth cover and the same old lamp that had done service as long as he could remember. The comfortable lounge stood by the wall.

It seemed to invite him to come home and rest. It was all as it used to be.

He turned to the other letter. Nena and he had drifted apart after he had gone to the city. This was her first letter in many weeks. He had often wondered why she did not write. Her letter brought the answer. She had been very busy with the school work. He wondered at all she had written.

"I believe she's becoming a farm enthusiast. What's all this about a school fair? Her school has won the township prize for the best exhibit. Her school garden is the best in the county, so the inspector says. I should worry."

He read on. Farm life was very interesting. There had not been a dull time all summer. She had spent part of her holiday visiting in the section. She had helped the children with their gardens. She had enjoyed the work so much and the children had been so interested.

She just loved it all—the lambs and colts, and calves, and little pigs, the chickens and the ducks, and the big, kind-eyed cows. The fields had been so green in spring. They had been golden at harvest. Now they were freshly plowed and brown and ridgy.

The leaves had fallen from the trees. She and the children had just come in from one of their nature study tramps. They had played "Babes in the Wood," and "Hide and go-seek." They had gathered beech nuts and chased the squirrels. They knew most of the trees by name, and had studied the habits of the birds all summer.

She had been telling her father about the farm. She had advised him to buy some land a few miles out of the city and get started right, with some chickens and bees and an or-

chard. She knew it would pay. She believed she could do it herself. Father's health was failing. He had never been strong. Farm life was just what he needed, and she thought he would come. Her mother was willing.

A smile slowly broke over Jamie's face, and the gloom that had been gathering for weeks scattered in the sunshine of it. "Guess I know why she didn't write. It's so interesting, eh? I see where I get back to the land too. It was a mistake ever leaving."

He remembered the details of a drive one September evening more than two years before. His face grew serious again. He had been wonderfully in earnest that night, when Nena had said. "And besides, I couldn't marry a farmer." He recalled the words perfectly. Now he smiled. "Funny," he mused, "but dad always said you could never know what a woman might do next."

IV.

"We'll sell the cows in the spring, mother. We can't do the work any longer. It won't be as good for the farm, but what's the use. Someone else will own it before long anyway."

"I'm sorry to see it go, father. We've lived here all these years. But Jamie's gone, and I suppose we can't keep it much longer."

"The boy could have had a good home here if he'd stayed. Now, I suppose some stranger will have these splendid acres. We've spent the best years of our lives clearing them. And I always hoped to leave them to a son when I was through with them."

This is one of the tragedies of rural life in Ontario these days. The old

homestead that has cost so much of toil and patience is passing into the hands of strangers because the sons have gone from it. The old folks go to some neighboring village. The old man pines for the freedom to which he has been accustomed all his days. The inactivity shortens his span of life by years.

His parents were facing this situation when Jamie came home at Christmas. He was quick to note how his father had aged. His hair was grayer and the wrinkles in his face were deeper.

One evening he talked it all over with his mother. She told him of the plan to sell the stock in the spring.

"Father can't do the work any more," she said. It won't be long before we'll have to sell the farm, too. We don't want to, Jamie, but what else can we do?"

There followed a long silence. Jamie did not find it easy to ask what he had come home to ask. Pride makes our duty hard at times. He had fought his way to an admission to himself that he had made a mistake. He found it very hard to tell even his mother that he knew he had made a mistake and was willing to begin over again.

"Do you think dad would be willing to let me come back?" he asked at last.

"I've learned that the farm isn't so bad a place after all. And I don't want to see the old home sold."

And so it was arranged. The boy who found the farm so irksome was glad to come back to it as a man. He took up the work in real earnest. The glow of health returned to his cheek. His muscles hardened and his strength returned. He was happy. He knew himself to be a man.

V.

A crescent moon hung low in the west. The bright stars twinkled above. A whippoorwill called out of the shadows of the wood.

Two young people sat on the school-house steps. They had been silent a long time. There are occasions when words seem unnecessary.

Then the young man spoke.

"Nena, do you remember that drive the night before I went to the city?"

"Yes, Jamie."

"And do you remember what you told me then? And what you said you couldn't tell me that night?"

She smiled, but did not speak.

"Would your answer be the same now, Nena?"

Still she was silent and looked away toward the shadowy wood. The whippoorwill called.

"Nena, will you marry me? Will you marry a farmer?"

She turned. He read her answer in the eyes she raised to his before she spoke.

"Yes, Jamie," she said.

And the whippoorwill called again out of the shadowy wood.

HOUSEHOLD GODS

By J. H. Macmir.

The baby takes to her bed at night
A one-eyed rabbit that once was white;
A watch that came from a cracker, I think.
And a lidless inkpot that never held ink,
And the secret is locked in her tiny breast
Of why she loves these and leaves the rest.
And I give a loving glance as I go

To three brass pots on a shelf in a row;
To my grandfather's grandfather's loving
cup
And a bandy-legged chair I once picked up.
And I can't, for the life of me, make you
see
Why just these things are a part of me!
—London Spectator.

The Romance Of An Apple

A Little Apple In A Big World

I don't believe in this 'noculatin' business. Seems to me God don't want no man interferin' with His affairs. It's agin natur' and it ain't right to go contrary to natur'."

The quiet little man to whom these observations were addressed stepped up on the old kitchen chair he had just deposited beside a blossom-laden tree. He took from his pocket a small blossom twig and to his unsympathetic critic seemed to be "puttering" with the blossoms on the tree. Having finished his task of cross-pollenizing, he descended, gazing tenderly at the blossom twig which he still held in his fingers.

"But what a grand thing it would be to have an apple of fine quality that could be shipped to the Old Land," said the little man. "This country some day will grow apples to supply even the poor of England's great cities. And not only that, but we must have apples to supply our own country. It is filling up so rapidly that before many years we will have railways to carry the fruit to all the places where it cannot be grown."

He saw from the unbelieving look in his companion's eye that his prophecies for the future were falling on ears which, hearing, would not hear. Ceasing to speak, he pictured in his mind the future of the glorious land which now he called "home." For many years he had lived his quiet life, tending his seedling trees. When opportunity offered he continued to assist Nature in developing fruits which he hoped would be found use-

By PROF. J. W. CROW.

ful. But a faithless generation soon forgot him and his dreams and his beloved tree.

Years afterwards there came into the New England States a visitor from a part of Canada then newly settled. On an autumn ramble he came upon an old stone wall, overgrown with wild vines, which seemed to have been built in the woods.

"Whoever built a stone wall in this place?" he mused. "Why, this must have been a garden once. Here is an apple tree and here is another; and that hole in the ground must have been a cellar. Who would have thought of finding a place like this in what we call a 'new' country. I suppose those apple trees are just wild scrubs, but I believe I'll have a look for fruit." His search revealed a few fairly promising specimens in spite of the unfavorable surroundings and before leaving for his Ontario home, he secured a few scions from what seemed to be the best tree. Inquiry in the vicinity failed to enlighten him as to the identity of the original owner. "Queer old character—lived mostly to himself — heard the boys all went west—don't know where the apple trees came from — probably natural fruit."

* * *

"Got first prize on my apples, Dad. The judge asked where they came from and I told him from the States. He brought a man that has a nursery and he asked me could he taste one, and he said they were the best apples he had ever seen, and he's coming up this winter and he'll grow us some

trees if we let him have scions. When I grow up, I'm going to have a nursery and a big orchard, because the man that has the nursery says an orchard would pay fine if we could grow lots of apples like ours."

* * * *

A gray haired man of middle age was showing a visitor over his farm. "Yes," he said, "I helped father plant these trees when I was a boy. They are mostly one variety, now, but there were a good many kinds on the start. Before I left the farm I helped father to graft most of the other kinds. Since I came back here five years ago we have made well out of the orchard, but it used to pay pretty well too, years ago. In fact, I guess this orchard put me through college and paid for a good many other things we shouldn't have had but for it. Yes, father brought the scions from the States. I forget the circumstances, but it seems to do well in this section. It has been the leading variety for quite a number of years."

* * * *

"There, son, there's a real apple for you. Came from Ontario. They say that's a good country down there, but

I guess there's more money to be made out here, even if it is all wheat. No, we can't grow apples here, son—wish we could. Before we came across the line I've heard my father tell many a time about the fine apples your great-grand-daddy used to grow back east. Were they like these? Well, I don't know, but it isn't likely they grew this apple back there. That was a long time ago — wasn't anybody growing wheat in this country then, and even Ontario wasn't very well settled. Yes, I guess another one won't hurt you, so long as you don't know how much I had to pay for them. Your mother says apples are good for small boys, but they do cost a pile considering how soon they go. Wonder why somebody can't invent an apple that will grow in this forsaken country. Maybe, though, we ought to be thankful they are not any dearer. I wonder, now, how many different people have had a hand in getting these out here to us, and who they were and where they came from. Seems to me I've heard the original apple was a crab. Where do good apples come from, anyway? Or is it just nature?"



Cynthia's Mother on Eugenics

Her Educated Daughter's Love is an Eye Opener

CYNTHIA has announced her

By CORINNE LOWE.

poverty such ignorance, such blind strug-

engagement! The letter announcing this important fact came last week and ran something like this:

gles against this wicked capitalistic system of ours. I have taken under my special protection a poor Yiddish family.

Dear Mother,—I am enjoying my work so much, but every day I am more and more overwhelmed by the misery of the city. Such frightful

Here the letter went into a detailed account of the Settlement work which she has been doing since last fall—

to be punctuated at last by this amazing statement: "I have become engaged to Mr. Henry Dorando of whom I have spoken at various times. I am going to bring him home with me at Thanksgiving."

I read this communication aloud at the dinner table and when I came to the end you can imagine the commotion it caused. Papa set down his moustache cup—used in spite of Cynthia's disapproval—so hard that if it hadn't been for the good engineering across the top we should certainly have had a coffee inundation.

"Cynthia engaged!" he cried. "God bless my soul if she hasn't fooled us all!" and he broke out into a long, hearty roar of laughter.

As for the boys, they were simply struck dumb. They coughed, grunted, snorted and choked in an effort to give suitable expression to their feelings. At last—"Well, that man's stung good and proper. Why, Cynthia couldn't bake an apple pie if her life depended on it," came from Ned, my older son.

In the meanwhile, though, I was enveloped, the novelists say, in the pleasantest kind of thoughts. I don't suppose there's anything makes a mother's heart so glad as to have her daughter settled in life. And when the daughter is the sort of high-falutin', notionate girl that Cynthia is—well, you can't help wanting your swan to turn into a hen. Now, thought I, Cynthia is going to become like other women. In my mind's eye I saw her swapping marmalade recipes, putting up preserves, drying corn and discussing the newest patterns for children's petticoats.

The Course of Blue Love

The day of their arrival papa and I went to the train to meet them, and

as we sat there waiting in the machine we speculated a good deal about our future son-in-law.

"I bet he's some dried-up young bookworm," remarked papa depressingly. As for me, though I didn't say anything, I couldn't help fearing that Cynthia's choice might have fallen on one of those "artistic" fellows she used to bring to the farm—the kind that wear flowing black lambrequins under their chins and thwarted beards over them.

Consequently you can picture our relief when there stepped off the train with Cynthia a tall, broad-shouldered black-haired fellow dressed with sanity and without beard. Cynthia herself looked very pretty in a black velvet hat and a corduroy suit which brought out all the pink of her cheeks and the gold of her hair. What good luck it was, thought I, that they are such opposites. Luck indeed! I didn't understand then how little this figured in the modern selection of a life partner.

I was not, however, kept very long in the dark. That three-mile drive was in itself an eye opener. During that drive papa and I arranged to sit in front so as to give the young people a chance to—but no, they didn't do it. They didn't look for one moment as though they wanted to do it. In fact, every time that we glanced back of us they were sitting as far apart as the two vases on the parlor mantelpiece. Furthermore, there came whistling about our ears such bleak and wintry blasts as these:

Cynthia: Oh dear, oh dear! if only the poor in the city could have some of this beautiful country, this ideal freedom!

Young Man: Yes, agricultural occupancy is undoubtedly the solution of

many of our most pressing problems.

How about that for the course of blue love? Could you by sitting up nights think of anything more gushing, languorous and generally fitted to go with the dulcet guitar than these extracts? Papa and I were too astonished to look at each other.

When we reached the gate of the driveway we found the two boys waiting to welcome us. After Mr. Dorando had been introduced all round, Ned took him into the house. The younger boy thereupon turned to Cynthia with an unwary remark.

"Congratulations, sis," said he, "I never thought you would catch a man."

"Catch a man!" exclaimed Cynthia indignantly; "the very idea! I do wish you wouldn't be so common, brother. You talk as though women had only one purpose in life and that was to get married."

"There, there," I put in soothingly, taking Cynthia's arm and walking on up the driveway, "he's a good catch anyway. Just as nice looking as he can be."

"Yes," agreed Cynthia placidly, "he's a thoroughly strong, healthy fellow." From her tone you might have thought she had gone out and bought Dorando at a dog fancier's.

"It seems odd to think of your being in love, Cynthia," I said shyly as we neared the front porch.

Whereupon Cynthia gave a little tolerant laugh. "Oh, you dear, sentimental, old-fashioned mother!" she said, putting an arm about me; "I don't know whether I'm what you call in love or not. After all, don't you think it's a little bit foolish—to marry for love, I mean? Of course it's all right to fall in love—oh yes, I'm not saying a word about that, but it seems

to me that marriage nowadays ought to be founded first of all on intellectual companionship. Now Henry and I are thoroughly congenial; we both like the same things and we're both interested in the same work. Then, you see, mother, he fits in. He has many qualities in which I am lacking."

"Yes," interrupted I, "he seemed to be real sensible."

Cynthia looked dubious for a moment, then she broke into one of her pretty, low laughs. "Oh, you disapproving mother!" she cried delightedly. "At any rate I know from what side my children are going to get their wit!"

"Sh!" said I warningly, for Dorando and Ned both came out the door at this moment and I was terribly afraid they might have heard.

But I hadn't any need to be so particular. I found out before the day was over, indeed, that Cynthia and Dorando were as open as a post card about pretty nearly everything in the world. In the morning they twittered of social uplift; at the dinner table they coquetted over the segregation of the feeble-minded; at night you could hear them above the phonograph record of "Love Me and the World is Mine" arguing about eugenics.

Eugenics was, in fact, their favorite theme. They had it all fixed up between them that if a man with red hair and a girl with green eyes married each other they would have a certain number of children with blue noses and a certain number of grandchildren who wouldn't be able to do arithmetic. "Henry," Cynthia used to commence with a flutter of her long black eyelashes and a radiant look of her blue eyes, "why do you suppose

that in that experiment with white and black rabbits thirty-five of their offspring were a dull blue and the others a dingy gray?"

"Cynthia," would reply Dorando in a tense, ardent tone, "there's a constant tendency to revert to the mean of the race from which we spring."

The whole situation was, as Ned expressed it, a case of "I love my love, but O you-genics!"

At first I remonstrated with Cynthia about this.

"Why, Cynthia," I said, "you don't mean to say you talk about such things to Mr. Dorando? In my young days that wouldn't have been considered a bit nice."

"Nice!" echoed Cynthia scornfully; "I'm sure I hope it isn't! We've had entirely too much 'niceness' in this world as it is. We've been so nice we wouldn't tell our children the things they ought to know; we've been too particular about our words to stop half the crime and disease and poverty and——"

"Won't you have a store-box to stand on?" said I sweetly as she paused for breath; and at the words she alighted from her flights of oratory.

Though I was disappointed in Cynthia's romance there was still, however, the thought of her future home to comfort me. It'll be all right, I thought, when Cynthia takes up the cares of a house. There's nothing like that to reform these strong-minded women. But the day Cynthia left for the city I was robbed of even this hope.

In the morning I happened to ask Cynthia when she was going to be married.

"Next April, we think," she responded.

"And have you made up your mind yet about where you are going to housekeeping?"

Not a Sacrifice to Marriage.

Cynthia paused for a moment. "Well, mother," she replied almost apologetically, "I may as well tell you right now that Henry and I expect to board."

"Why, Cynthia Lovelace!" cried I, and couldn't say another word. You see, a married couple in a boarding house has always seemed just about as out of place to me as a Jimson weed on the parlor table. And to think that my daughter should—oh, how was I ever going to keep it from the neighbors?

"Oh, I know you don't approve, mother!" said Cynthia. "You're like most people of the last generation. You think that the essence of home is compounded of back stairs and the smell of cabbage on wash day. Nowadays, though, it is different. We realize that home is a matter of the spirit. Why, Henry and I wouldn't think of spending our lives ordering coal and greasing the lawnmower! We want to keep ourselves free for bigger things—for reading and music and advancement—most of all, for work!"

Numbed and stiff, I caught at her last word. "Work!" exclaimed I. "You don't mean to say you're going right on with that Settlement after you get married?"

Cynthia looked at me in astonishment. "Why, you dear, silly mother!" she replied indulgently; "you didn't think I was going to give up my life as an individual after I got married, did you? Does a man stop being a doctor or a shoemaker or a lawyer just because he starts being a husband? Oh no, mother; Henry would

never consent to my sacrificing myself to marriage."

There was nothing more to be said, and very sorrowfully that afternoon I watched them leave the house.

"Well," said papa when the buggy had got out of sight, "I'm glad for one thing. I'm glad that you and I just plain held hands and kissed in our courting days."—Country Gentleman.



All The World's Carols

God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen!

WHO is it that
has heard

By LIONEL KINGSLEY.

shrilling through the clear, frosty air of a good old-fashioned nipping Christmas night the carol singers in the old country, but has thrilled with the sense of being suddenly transported back into the "good old times," those of stage coaches, blunderbusses, Charles Dickens and all the rest.

Many a time have I stood in the hall of a country house—the walls all holly-decked, the red berries like shining lamps, the mistletoe peeping out bashfully—and waited impatiently, expectantly, to hear a choir of sweet child-voices—that first variety of Christmas "waits,"—strike up, accompanied by a chilly-fingered, but terribly enthusiastic fiddler, the beautiful winter songs:

"Good King Wenceslas came down

On a Christmas morning," etc.

and

"Hark! the herald angels sing."

And I always waited for them to crack on their top notes so that I might seek excuse to throw open the doors widely and bid the smiling red nosed children enter for hot mulled cider and ginger snaps, crossing the hand of the first girl with luck-money for the Yuletide.

Carols are popular all the world

over. In Germany
on the Christmas

Eve when the Christmas tree—a great institution in that country—is unveiled and the presents duly gifted, the children and elders join hands and sing, not "Here we go round the mulberry bush," but most often the slightly bibulous song:

"Wassail, wassail to our town,

The ale is clear and the jug nut
brown

So, hail, baby born in a manger

Keep me from all ill and danger
And we'll blessings sing."

In the Black Forest when the snow falls often at Christmas time the children are packed into sleighs, and they drive through the country, through dark pine forest, with the youngsters feeling delightfully terrible anticipations of a fate worse than Red Riding Hood of glorious memory to the little church and the village pastor. From far way the sleigh party can see the lighted, colored windows, and as the horses dash over the crisp snow they are hailed by a burst of voices in a sounding glee or carol, the measure of which may be taken up by other parties in the forest, converging upon the common centre, the church.

In Brittany, in France, where the girls go yet splendidly attired in the

old-time costume with the white fantastic coil, they invariably wait in their own houses on the Eve of Noel. For that is the night of all nights when the serenaders, composed of all the lovers in the countryside come around to the ones of their choice or hopes and sing while they beat a fantastic accompaniment with long white staves to the slightly mysterious

"Babette, Babette, come to your window,

Babette, Babette, Babette!

Angels sing in the high, high Heaven
Plots of gold there seven times seven,

Noel's here, Babette, once more;
Open your window, and give us store."

The maidens are supposed to throw out substantial fare. In fact, they must, as a Brittany youth is very persevering, and has been known to manfully sing all night if the capricious young lady considers her bed more warm than a station at a star-light window, watching the minstrels.

In Spain the carol sounds very sonorous in the beautiful Castilian tongue. "Oh! come all ye faithful" originates from this country, and it is an experience to hear this sung to the accompaniment of guitars. Another sung on Noche Buena (Christmas Night) is

"Hail! Mary, send us a blessing

Morning star of Bethlehem,
Holy child with nimbus shining
All our souls their dross refining

Hail! Mary, send us a blessing!" etc.

All among the Latin peoples of Portugal, Italy, etc., carolling is found. In Italy it is particularly sweet, having a character all its own, and with the beautiful climate the singers' voices are things to dream over. In Greece the hills make for

ruggedness and "Whilst Shepherds watched their flocks by night," a more broken rhythm is found in its music.

In Russia the poor people—and so many of them are very, very poor—find in this season a time of hope, one to which they look forward to during the year with a fervent faith that God will be good to them. No house so poor but will deck its tree with a few cheap tinsel toys and bright candles.

Here is a quaint winter song sung by Russian soldiers whilst mounting guard outside the officers dining-room.

"Far o'er the plains, sad snows are falling,

Sing, brothers, sing to the little
Father! (The Czar)

Deep in the woods the wolves are calling,

Sing, brothers! sing to the little
Father!

Oh! down in the Volga the maiden is weeping,

But hush thee, my pretty,
Night will bring sleeping,
Stars will come peeping
In at your window."

Refrain:

"Hey! little Father! think of us when
you're dining,

For though we are willing
To go on with the killing,
Snow alone is not filling,

So! little Father! think of us when
you're dining.

Norway, Sweden and Denmark, so closely akin share songs that breathe of the very fiords of the snow on the mountain tops.

Nearer home in Holland the little baggy-trousered Dutch boy and the many petticoated girlikins sing a carol

that ask in their terribly guttural tongue "for toys and joys for all good girls and boys." Their wants are purely material and connected largely with their little interiors.

England, however, is to me the splendid haunt of carollers, England, of course, is understood to include Wales, that land of song. I have heard in the colliery districts near Cardiff voices that ravished the night, voices singing in the old Welsh tongue—than which nothing, with its quaint raise and fall, is sweeter. These singers with the great contraltos and baritones, and high above like a bird seeking Paradise or sweet nightingale of a soprano rising note by note in pure ecstasy—Oh! Wales is the garden of song!

Winter songs should be more often heard in the Dominion than they are. I have come across many fine voices here—and the untrained voice is very sweet sometimes—simply rusting in disuse. This should not be. Where there is a dozen houses within say, a dozen miles, a common practicing centre can be easily found. (In Wales each little village has its local Eisteddfod and bards). The long winter nights could be passed away in pleasure to the carol party and greatly to the profit of their hearers. Christmas would become a very much more real festival here if the Eve—which is to usher in the day when all look for reminders from perhaps far distant and loved relatives and friends—were

made the occasion of a serenade of all the farms within the carollers' localities. What more delightfully cheering thing could be imagined than the starlight song outside a lighted farmhouse or in the warm schools. All song is beautiful, but carols—especially when they are the joyous outpouring of child-voices—are things to wonder at. But I have heard some funny renderings — one specially, where the choir sang "Wailst Shepherds washed their chops by night." This slip of the tongue was most embarrassing.

From the earliest times when England was a Saxon stronghold (and our mighty land of Canada was but a wilderness for Indians to hunt in) the carol has persisted and it is splendid to think that as the centuries rolled by in the old country, those centuries wherein she gathered the mighty children-colonies to her bosom, that these songs—the times expression of the people—came down unchanged in word.

"The first Newell that the angels
did sing

Was to certain poor shepherds in
Bethlehem,

In fields they lay, awatching their
sheep

On a cold winter's night that was so
deep,

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell!
Born in the King of Israel."

—Country Life in Canada.



FIRST PRIZE CARTOONS IN REVIEW COMPETITION

By HUGH H. LINDESAY

I.—INITIATION.



After



Before



II.—THAT SOPHOMORE'S SMILE

When Will My Ship Come In?

By EDITH WYATT

SKIPPER, when will my ship come
in,

Silver and gray and brown?

The cloud-rack rifts and the morning
lifts

Over my trading town.

Out of the bourn of the break of day,
Flush with the morning star,

The Hope of my Happiness sailed
away,

Over the harbor bar."

"Turn back, turn back to your trading
town,

Nor walk on the quay with me,

For many a ship of dreams goes
down

That sails on the unknown sea.

Turn to work for your luck, nor wait
In the wind and the misty rime,

For the only one who may stay for
Fate

Is myself—and my name is Time."

"Skipper, when will my ship come in?
The whistles of noonday blow;

The sun burns high in the masted
sky;

The tides and the great winds flow.

Aught she may bring me now, I
need—

Silver or gold or tin.

The trade winds blow and the gulf
streams flow.

When will my ship come in?"

"When the kiss of the soul of the day
blew down,

And the morning star throbbed and
paled,

Out of the heart of your trading town

A myriad dreamships sailed;

Out of the bourn of the break of day,

Out to the open main,

Your fathers' and sons' ships sail
away,

And never come back again."

"Skipper, the evening is clear and
white;

My long day's work is done,

And over the fort of the harbor
height

I hark for the sunset gun.

A year and a day and a life ago,

Out to the wind and the rack,

Our million desires have sailed away
And none of them yet come back.

"But if my ship should come sailing
back,

Whatever her cargo be,

Lade her with iron and rope and jack
And turn her again to sea;

And bid her stay till the pulse of day
Be dead and the stars melt down,

And she bring all our ships that have
sailed away

Back to our trading town."

The trade winds were blowing, the
gulf streams were flowing,

And yellow, the flood-touched sun;

The whole horizon was sail-swept sky
When the harbor-mouth shook with

the gun.

And the gold ships and silver steered
proud from the West,

Where in past the harbor bar

The Hope of his Happiness rode with
the rest,

Flush with the Vesper star.

The Christmas Chicken

The Factors Responsible For His Perfection

HE was an extraordinary chicken; a

By J. E. BUGG.

Influence of Care.

big, smooth, fat bird with all the trimmings which the art of the cook could put up on him. "Just eight pounds," said the farmer as he disposed of him on the previous day. He was the admiration of the whole family, which had come from all parts of the continent to spend another Christmas at the old homestead. The buzz of conversation ceased as the chicken was served. No one had time to waste on conversation, while there was a morsel of chicken left. It was only when the last morsel had disappeared, and the quality of the chicken was discussed, when it was voted that he was quite as palatable as he was fine looking, while the leisurely way in which the plum-pudding was eaten was ample evidence that he had done much to satisfy the wants of the company.

Looking into the life of our hero we find him possessing a pleasant home, where he received the kindest of attention. No damp, dirty coops were his; no roosts covered with mites were found in his pen. He was carefully brooded as a chick, and when he left the brooder he was provided with a carefully cleaned and disinfected colony house. Here he found plenty of room to roost, with a liberal amount of fresh air. Everything was comfortable and sanitary. His feed was also carefully selected from the very start. A properly balanced ration was planned. His diet regularly consisted of Purina. This was supplemented with sprouted oats, early in the spring before the grass had grown, and some grit, with which to chew his food. Buttermilk was his favorite drink of which he got a liberal allowance.

Primary Life.

Yet he had been in his infancy a very ordinary chick, a fluffy, black little thing, dotted with a few spots of white, like thousands of other little chicks we see all around us. He ran, peeped, and ate just like any other chicken would have done. He needed food, care, and protection like all others. But he had grown faster, feathered quicker, and matured earlier than the other chicks. He was a healthier, more vigorous chick from the start. He was certainly superior to the ordinary specimen when he reached the market.

Christmas Dinner Every Day.

After graduating from the kindergarten and cradle roll his taste developed for something coarser and less concentrated. He therefore needed less care, and in his broiler stage days he ate out of a hopper, being pretty well able to look after himself. As he had unlimited range, he ran around a great deal, eating an abundance of all foods, finally developing into a lanky, rough looking specimen of a bird, having long legs and a swelled head. Consequently our hero has his freedom taken away, and instead of green pastures and un-

limited range, he was put with several others into a crate. For the first few days it looked as if he was going to be starved, but his end was not yet. After he had reached what seemed to him his hunger limit, he received his first prison fare. At first appearance it might well be called prisoner's fare, for a mixture of crushed corn, oats, or buckwheat, mixed into a pancake batter by adding buttermilk, is not a very inviting looking dish, even to a young rooster. But his greedy appetite, sharpened by the long fast, induced him to make a start at his limited ration. The enforced confinement, with the limited amount of feed given were not very satisfactory to our hero, and he longed for his old haunts. But there were better days in store for him, for in a few days his allowance was increased and by the contented look on his face, he seemed to be satisfied with the result. In a short time he lost all desire for the fields, and his old playmates, his only desire being a full feed followed by a rest.

The Common Fate of All Good Chickens.

But his famous career was soon to end. Being a good feeder and possessing a quiet disposition, his confinement and liberal feeding had given our friend the quantity and quality of fleshing that is so much desired. His life therefore was sacrificed at the block. We cannot stop here to explain such a painful incident. Suffice it to say, he was killed in the most scientific way, entirely painless, and without mutilating the remains. As his beautiful soft plumage was removed it revealed a plumpness and quality of fleshing seen only in the best of his kind. After careful cleaning and dressing, he was sent to market, where he was procured by the lady on whose table we have seen him.

He had looked a very ordinary chick. But heredity, proper care, cleanliness, proper feeding, in short, proper bringing up, with proper preparation for market and table had made of him a bird fit for a king.



OPPORTUNITY.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream;
There spread a cloud of dust along the plain,
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle; and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A
prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—!!!

That blue blade that the king's son bears—
but this
Blunt thing!" he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And, lowering, crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son—wounded, sore
bestead
And weaponless—and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched at it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed the enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Oxford University

What it has to Offer the O. A. C. Graduate

THE history of a country is

By PROF. TENNYSON D. JARVIS.

the same time, the old English ideals

said to be the history of its great men. If this be so, the history of England may truly be said to be the history of Oxford; for whenever in times of great stress a cry for a leader was raised, the doors of this ancient seat of learning were opened, and the best man it had to give, was offered willingly. The Alma Mater of so many of her greatest men, we can readily understand how Oxford has come to mean so much to England. She remains still the national treasure house of traditional honor and culture.

For centuries, Oxford has first created, then developed the ideals of the nation, her object being to

turn out, year after year, valuable men according to those ideals.

But what has Oxford to offer you, graduates of a Canadian Agricultural College, men whose ideals were separated from those of the Englishman more than a century ago, when your ancestors left their old homes to wrest new ones from the American wilderness; leaving behind them at

of culture, and creating for themselves within the new environment, new ideals, and an educational system best calculated to meet their demands?

We have not time here to discuss the inevitable difference between the educational ideals of Oxford, and those of our colleges. Briefly speaking, the former are principally cultural, the latter utilitarian; and Oxford has this culture to offer the Canadian student.

The limited time which the average man can afford to spend on his education, makes it absolutely essential that he should give the gravest consideration to

the distribution of this time, that he may have the best preparation for the working out of his ideal of life, whatever that may be; and it depends entirely upon the nature of that ideal, whether the education that Oxford offers, will be valuable to him or not. If your ideal is the valuable citizen who attains success in its broadest conception, the answer is



Founder's Tower, Magdalen College, Oxford University.

assuredly, yes!; for the realization of such an ideal involves a well-balanced education, which is possible, only by judiciously leavening the practical with the cultured.

If you go through your O. A. C. course with open eyes, and with an intelligent interest in what you see, you cannot fail to acquire a thorough practical knowledge of your chosen branch of work, and to be equipped with every facility for a successful economic career.

Go to that ancient seat of culture and study those things which will make you broader, better men, better citizens. Study mankind first where the intellectual cream of the world naturally rises. The greatest thinkers and scientists from European centres, gather here for exchange of ideas with the flower of colonial intellect. Come into actual contact with the personality of present day philosophers. Come into touch with modern progress.



Magdalen College, Oxford.

Now I do not contend that it would be advisable for you to undertake, immediately after graduation, a severe course in classics, just because that study happens to be cultured, and because Oxford excels in classical instruction. The value of any branch of education depends upon its relation to life, and although a knowledge of Greek and Latin is a wonderful asset in the interpretation of our own language, its possession is not sufficiently valuable to our average graduate, to warrant the expenditure of the necessary time, at this point in his career.

Turn down the little alley in Cornmarket, which leads to the Union Literary Society, and hear, on their initial appearance, men, whose speeches will years hence set the pulse of England throbbing in pride or terror. Attend their debates, which will bring you in vital contact with that seething fever of unrest, present in older countries, but so little understood in our own. It will prevent your ever again casting a careless vote.

Study psychology and logic. Become familiar with the laws of thought, and the logical sequence

necessary to the successful thinker or speaker. You will appreciate your need of them after having attended debates at the Union. You will realize too, the Englishman's control of his mother tongue, and his privilege in hearing, day after day, lectures from men whose mastery of the English language seems perfect. The opportunity too, for the study of English literature, is one of Oxford's greatest privileges.

Study architecture, and attend the Slade Professor's lectures in other branches of the fine arts. You will then walk through that quaint old town with seeing eyes. The gems of Gothic and Roman architecture could not fail to delight even the most hitherto unenthusiastic. The quaint richness of the chapels, the lofty grandeur of the dining halls, will forever destroy the idea, that buildings are just buildings. These are living monuments of England's greatness.

And in your efforts to make every available moment count, from the man-making standpoint, you will take the keenest interest in sports. The English ideal of physical fitness demands it. Every afternoon from two until four the football and cricket grounds are thronged with eager players. The students scorn to become spectators; everyone plays, and no cheering is necessary to encourage the players. At the same time the river presents a busy scene, as the different crews practising for inter-collegiate or Cambridge races, dart back and forth.

If you no more than adopt the Englishman's attitude towards sport, and apply it in the larger game of life, your time at Oxford will have been well spent. With him the game for its own sake is worth while, and in the effort to make the game worthy of the players, the final goal becomes non-essential.



THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

By Eugene Field

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hush-a-By Street
Comes stealing, comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to
her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and
fleet;
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping.

There is one little dream of the beautiful
drum—
"Rub-a-Dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar
plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams
come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that
hum,
And the trumpet that bloweth.

And dollies peep out of those wee little
dreams,
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own
misty gleams,
And up, and up, where the Mother Moon
beams,
The fairies go winging.

Would you dream all those dreams that are
tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
To shut the two eyes that are weary, my
sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hush-a-By
Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to
her feet,
Comes stealing, comes creeping.

Some Impressions of Field Day

THE recent annual field day of the college was a brilliant success from one point of view, but almost a failure from another. The results were in a number of cases gratifying in the extreme. Five college records were, I believe, broken, two of which had been standing for many years. On the other hand the competition shown in the various events was

By A. W. BAKER

In practically all the events the same poor turnout of competitors was shown. Why such a condition of affairs should exist it is hard to say, but one would almost conclude that the men were entering the different events more with the sole desire of winning than with the true sportsman's spirit of the game for the game's sake.



A. White, Champion O. A. C. Runner.

so slight, that it must indeed have been disheartening to the athletic management.

Let us take for example the hundred yards dash. This was run off this year in one heat. Such a thing has been unheard of for many years past. I do not think we can say that this was due to the fact that we have not many men who could enter the event creditably; for I think we have just as many sprinters now as we have had in the past.

Men were heard to say before field day that there could be no object in their entering a particular event because certain men were sure to win. Is this the proper spirit? Everyone cannot win a place—yet if we leave each event only to those whom we think will win, I am afraid our field day will soon be a thing of the past. What would you think of a member of the second football team, who would refuse to participate in the game, because he could not play on the first

team? And yet the man who will not compete in an event on field day, because he believes he cannot win is in much the same position.

Remember that the man who trains faithfully and competes in events on field day, where he can acquit himself creditably, even if he does not win a place in his event and make the track team is helping to perfect the men who do make the track team, just as the men on the second football team are helping to perfect the men on the first team.

Field Day Results.

100-yard dash—1, S. C. Wilson, '17; 2, V. C. Puleston, '16; 3, W. J. Bird, '16. Time 10 3-5 seconds.

Standing broad jump—1, Pope, '14; 2, D. M. Smith, '15; 3, Agar, '17. Distance 9 feet 9½ inches. Broke old record by 2½ inches.

16-pound hammer—1, J. A. Carrol, '14; 2, Forsyth, '14; 3, D. E. Carrol, '16. Distance 85 feet 2 inches.

220 yards—1, S. C. Wilson, '17; 2, Bird, '16; 3, Forsyth, '14. Time 24 seconds.

Running hop, step and jump — 1, White, '16; 2, Pope, '14; 3, Bryden '16. Distance 41 feet 5 inches. Record broken by 5 inches.

16-pound shot (under 140 pounds) —1, Foreman, '16; 2, Nourse, '14; 3, Puleston, '16. Distance 29 feet 8 inches.

Standing high jump—1, Pope, '14; 2, Bryden, '16; 3, Lackner, '16. Height 4 feet 6½ inches.

Half mile run—1, White, '16; 2, Scott, '15; 3, Bird, '16. Time 2 min. 8 3-5 sec. Record broken by 1 2-5 sec.

Running high jump—1, Lackner,

'16; 2, Donaldson, '15; 3, Thompson, '17. Height 5 feet 1½ inches.

Running broad jump—1, White, '16; 2, Pope, '14; 3, Agar, '17. Distance 18 feet 9 inches.

Three-legged race — Binkley and Croskery, Nourse and Campbell.

440 yards—1, White, '16; 2, Bird, '16; 3, Agar, '17. Time 55½ seconds.

One mile run—1, White, '16; 2, Amos, '15; 3, Tingley, '17. Time 5 minutes 6½ seconds.

16-pound shot—1, Forsyth, '14; 2, Foreman, '16; 3, McRostie, '14. Distance 32 feet 8 3-4 inches.

Discus—1, Forsyth, '14; 2, J. A. Carrol, '14; 3, Pope, '14. Distance 105 feet 5 inches. Forsyth broke his own record by 5 feet ½ inch.

One mile walk — 1, Spencer, '14. Time 8 minutes 36 seconds.

120 yards hurdle—1, Nourse, '14; 2, Puleston, '16; 3, Bryden, '16. Time 20 seconds.

3 mile run—1, Hall, '15; 2, Elgie, '16; 3, Walsh, '16. Time 18 minutes 46 3-5 seconds.

Pole vault—1, Evans, '17; 2, Donaldson, '15; 3, Seitz, '16.

Inter-year relay race—1, 2nd year; 2, 3rd year; 3, 4th year. Record broken. Time 3 minutes 51 1-5 sec.

Champions.

Grand champion—A. H. White, '16.

Champion of short runs — S. C. Wilson, '17.

Champion of long runs — A. H. White, '16.

Champion of jumps and vaults—J. C. Pope, '14.

Champion of weight events — F. Forsyth, '14.



The Kid's Business

He Didn't Know Farming, But He Did Know Selling

AS usual, the Kid was loafing on his job. His hands

By EVELYN GILL KLAHR.

fields, its well-constructed buildings

were growing slower and slower; he was taking more and more time to regard meditatively each ear he picked up, to estimate with his eye the amount already husked, or to stare dreamily over the fields. To watch him you would have thought corn husking had no more significance than the idle whittling of a stick.

Jim gave him a glance and then drew his mouth down into a quizzical smile. "We mustn't let our little darling work too hard," he said.

The Kid turned his bland, innocent, wondering blue eyes upon his brother. Then a broad boyish grin slowly relaxed his mouth. "Don't worry," he said. "I won't."

Big, broad-shouldered Jim Judson threw back his head and laughed. "I've a notion," he remarked to his father and Hal, "that Little Treasure here is planning to get this corn husked some time this year."

Neither of the men answered him at first. His father worked on, gravely, seriously; Hal husked an ear with a frown of irritation between his brows; Hal found nothing amusing about loafers.

Suddenly he broke out in his sharp, nervous way: "Father, do you realize the Kid is twenty years old?"

Andrew Judson's lips went tightly together for a moment before he replied. "Yes," he said shortly, "I do."

It was beginning to trouble him more seriously than he would have been willing to admit. On all his farm of two hundred acres, with its fertile

and its fine blooded stock, only one thing wasn't well managed. That was his youngest son, Andrew Judson, Junior—known, for convenience, as the Kid—and the father could find no remedy for it.

A couple of years ago he had taken his three sons as junior partners in the farm, because he knew that was the way to make the boys put their best efforts into the place, and was consequently the best thing for the farm and for the boys. The three of them as partners were to share alike; it was one of Judson's notions that his sons were always to have the same advantages. And yet here was the loafer sharing alike with the workers. Nice justice, that! But worst of all, it was unfair to the Kid himself. What sort of man was it going to make of him? Why, he was a man now! Twenty years old, and a loafer!

Judson gave an anxious glance in the direction of his youngest son. The boy was dreamily rolling an ear of corn between his hands. And they had all agreed that corn husking must be finished that day! But what could he do? When he had first found that farm work was so distasteful to the Kid he had got him a job as a clerk in the city. In two weeks the Kid had come back, pale, homesick and unbelievably quiet. All his boyish grins and impudence seemed gone forever. The father had hoped that making him a partner would stimulate the Kid's interest. In fact it had seemed to, but it hadn't stimulated his muscles.

Yet there were times—it seemed incredible, but it was true—when he was startled into a genuine and profound admiration for the Kid, a sort of admiration he had never felt for either of his other sons. For the Kid had a way of seeing things. For instance, this last winter the Kid had urged and persuaded and nagged until his father had held all his apples until February, even though it meant constant sorting and resorting—a task, by the way, in which the Kid characteristically shirked his share—and, sure enough, in the late winter apples had gone up tremendously and the Kid himself had sold them all for a couple of hundred dollars more than the whole lot would have brought in the fall.

Then, a month or two before the parcel post had been started, the Kid had written to his aunt in Martinsburg for a list of possible customers among her acquaintances in that city, and had stayed up most of one night writing to them. Judson himself would rather plow a field any day than write a letter; yet the Kid that night wrote fifteen of them. And here they were actually getting city prices for butter and eggs!

It was the Kid, too, who talked of co-operative selling so everlastingly and so convincingly that he had infused the whole countryside with the idea, until the Society of Associated Farmers had been formed. True, the society had accomplished nothing yet. They had lost money on the hogs they freighted in the spring to one buyer, because the hogs had not been wrapped and had arrived dirty and in bad condition from the heat. Again they had shipped live turkeys and butter in the same consignment. The railroad company had placed the crates

of turkeys on the butter crates, and upon arrival the butter had been pronounced unavailable. And it appeared as if they might not be able to sell their buckwheat directly at all. Blinkenson, the agent through whom they formerly sold, was anxious to buy. He had already raised his offer from \$1.15 to \$1.17, and yet Walt Groves, the business manager of the society, couldn't find any one who wanted it at any price.

Yet the Kid's faith in co-operative selling waxed and grew until it was contagious. It was queer about the Kid—

Judson's thoughts were interrupted by the appearance in the field of Lena, the hired girl.

"We've run out of crocks," she announced, "an' there's a whole kettle of apple butter yet, and the missis says some of you'uns has got to go to town and git some."

The Kid's eyes brightened, and as he got quickly to his feet he gave a few vigorous slaps to his dusty clothes.

"I suppose I ought to be starting right away?" he inquired of his father.

"Why you?" his father asked in turn.

That broad boyish grin crossed the Kid's face again. "Well, I selected myself for two reasons: First, because I'd like so mighty darned well to get out this corn mess; second, it's more economical for you."

"Economical?" Judson senior questioned

The Kid grew grave as he always did when he wanted some one else to see what he himself saw so clearly. "It will take an hour and a half, no matter whom you send, won't it? Whether you send Hal or me, won't

it? All right. Well, who would get the most done here in that hour and a half?"

Judson laughed, half against his will. "All right. Go along," he said. He drew out his watch. "It's just one now. See that you are back by two-thirty. Wait a minute," he called as the Kid started off. "If you see Walt Groves find out what he's done about the buckwheat."

Big Jim laughed good-naturedly as the Kid's slim figure strode across the field. "Lazy young beggar!" he said.

Hal's brow contracted irritably. "Father, you let the Kid bait you every time. No wonder he don't amount to shucks."

"But wasn't he right?" demanded Judson. "Isn't it common sense to send the one who'd get the least done here? There's no use talking, the Kid has a way of seeing things."

A few minutes later they saw the Kid, washed and with changed clothes driving briskly along the road. He settled himself luxuriously in the runabout and gloated over the prospect of the hour and a half ahead of him. He didn't want it for loafing; he wanted it for work—thinking, hard thinking. He hadn't been able to half think out there in the field, for the corn had distracted him. But now, since the old mare could do her own driving, there was nothing to disturb him. It was about the Associated Farmers that he wanted to think. Every one was beginning to be discouraged over it, and it was true that the hogs and the butter hadn't turned out well. But couldn't they see, the Kid demanded—couldn't they see that it was all their own fault? Did they think things sold themselves? Didn't they know that the selling was just as important and

must be dealt with as carefully as the rest of the farming? But it was the buckwheat that was making the most trouble.

"We'll be left with the whole lot on our hands," they were grumbling all through the neighborhood. And here was Blinkenson so anxious to get it that he had raised to \$1.17.

If they gave in and sold through Blinkenson that pronounced the society a failure and meant its dissolution. The Kid's jaws hardened. "Not if I know it," he said.

He suddenly turned off the road to the village and took a side road that went round by Groves' farm. He realized as he did it that he would never be able to make the trip in an hour and a half, but he did not hesitate. He found Groves in his orchard and called him to the roadside. "Done anything about that buckwheat yet?" he demanded.

Groves nodded gloomily.

"Got a chance to sell?" the Kid asked eagerly.

"Yep," Groves grunted uncommunicatively.

"Where?"

"Benson & Benson, out in Everton, Ohio."

"How much are they giving you?"

"Dollar seventeen," Groves admitted gloomily.

The Kid's blue eyes opened the least bit wider, but he gave no other sign of surprise. "That what Blinkenson offered us," he murmured.

Groves flushed. "I know. It's a fool business——"

The Kid interrupted. "How did you hear of Benson & Benson?"

"Well, how was I to know the name of any firms?" demanded Groves irritably. "Always sold to Blinkenson, an' I had no way to find out. I asked

him if he knew any firms that bought direct, and he gave me the address of this one."

"Oh!" said the Kid softly. And then a moment later, reflectively, he repeated it. "Oh!"

"We're making a pack of fools of ourselves," Groves broke out hotly. "All this hot air about co-operative selling and full value to the producer! And what good is it doing us? Look at them hogs we tried to sell! And that there butter! It's taken a confounded lot of time and worry, and we ain't a mite better off than we were before. I'm sick of the whole business. The rest of you can do what you please; I'm going to get out and you can get another business manager. I'm too busy. And anyhow, why should I be taking my time to sell stuff for the rest of you?"

The Kid gave no sign of having heard a word of this. "Look here!" he said abruptly. "You won't be giving Benson & Benson their answer to-day, will you?"

"No, I thought I'd talk to your father first."

"Good!" said the Kid. "Wait till to-night."

As the Kid drove off he was quivering with excitement. Something had come to him while he was talking to Groves. What matter if Groves was business manager? The point was to sell the buckwheat, and if Groves couldn't perhaps he, the Kid, could.

The very thought of trying it was enough to intoxicate him. Selling the farm products had always seemed the most important thing in the world to him. In those two weeks in Martinsburg he had felt sure he would die if he must stay in the city where he felt left out of everything, away from all the talk of crops and prices and away

from the fields and orchards. And yet the work of the farm bored him utterly—the plowing, planting, reaping, threshing—all of it. It was only when the question of selling came up that he suddenly woke up and seemed to himself a new person, quick, clear-thinking, tireless, happy.

He gave the mare an affectionate slap of the reins. "Just you watch your uncle, old girl!" he advised her. Then his mind went back to grapple and struggle.

Blinkenson had been pretty persistent about that buckwheat; that meant he wanted it badly; that meant the firm he was going to sell it to wanted it badly; that meant that he, the Kid, could sell to that very same firm as well as Blinkenson, and the Associated Farmers could have Blinkenson's commission as well as their own profits.

And to find out the name of the firm? He didn't even have a chance to puzzle about it, for the freight station popped so suddenly and obligingly into his mind that he laughed aloud. He laughed so loudly that the old mare alternately pricked and dropped her ears in astonishment, and a squirrel, skimming along the top fence rail, was startled into a moment's petrification.

He tied the mare to the hitching post in front of his Uncle Tim Judson's store, went to the door to shout in a greeting, and then walked round to the freight yard.

Lawson, the freight agent, liked the Kid and hailed him with a broad, welcoming smile. But the smile vanished immediately when the Kid stated his business. "I wish you would give me the name of the party Blinkenson has been shipping buckwheat to," said the Kid.

Lawson regarded him with reproachful severity. "Now, look here, young chap," he said, "I've been warned that some of you fellows would be round wantin' to find out, an' I'll tell you right here that it's none of your business."

"Yes, but——" began the Kid.

Lawson ignored his interruption. "I guess Blinkenson's got as much right as any of you to earn his living," he went on, "an' it's none of your business where he ships his buckwheat to. Ain't he always been honest with all of you, givin' you the best prices he possibly could? An' ain't he a good, sensible, temperance man? An' ain't he got a wife an' kids to support? If you don't want to sell to him go an' sell to the party he give you the name of."

As he walked haughtily away the Kid stared after him thoughtfully, and then went slowly out of the freight yard and down the street.

He felt crowded with emotions: first of all, a profound admiration for Blinkenson—how in thunder did Blinkenson know he was going to do that very thing? And no matter what he did, would he find that Blinkenson had forstalled him? And yet in spite of this early defeat he felt, too, a quiet self-assurance and a glad anticipation of the prolonged struggle. This promised fun now!

He stopped in front of a shoe store and stared at a lot of women's patent leathers reduced to \$2.29. He didn't see them; he was too busy thinking for that. But for all his thinking he could see no way out. He was up against a blank wall, there was no doubt of that; but it didn't discourage him, for if he couldn't get over it himself then he must look to some one

else to give him a boost, and that was all there was to it.

He looked hopefully then at the two-twenty-niners in the window as if he expected to find help there. And suddenly, as if he had actually found it, his eyes brightened and he went quickly into the store. Within he found an angular, dull-eyed saleswoman showing the line of Colonial pumps to a white-clad, red-haired, dimpled person.

He addressed the angular one. Now, look here," he began abruptly, "if a stranger should come into this store and buy out the whole lot of marked-down goods in the window and you wanted to know where he was going to sell them again, how'd you go about it to find out?"

The saleswoman stared in dull-eyed amazement. "There's never been a call for more than one pair at a time——"

The Kid wouldn't let her finish. "But suppose there was?" he insisted.

The saleswoman threw a nervously appealing glance toward the dimpled customer which plainly said, "Do you suppose he's crazy?"

But the dimpled person seemed only amused and not nervous, so she turned back to the Kid. "I don't know as we could let them all go at once," she told him.

He gave a little moan of impatience, and the red-haired person chuckled. The Kid turned to her expectantly. "What do you think? How would you do it?" he begged her.

"I don't know what in the world you're driving at," the red-haired person drawled charmingly; "but if you wanted to find out where any stranger is selling anything the first thing for you to do is to find out where his home

town is. The chances are that he's selling there, of course."

The Kid breathed easily. "Of course," he repeated; then to the girl: "I'm awfully obliged," he said gratefully.

"That's all right," she answered coolly. "I'll probably send you a bill for it some day."

The Kid went straight to the hotel and asked to see the register. His fingers went carefully down the list of names on the open book until he came to it: H. R. Blinkenson, Maybridge, Pennsylvania.

Going from the desk to the long-distance telephone he noticed by the clock that it was after three. He had been due back at the farm more than half an hour ago. He went on, nevertheless, to the telephone.

"Is this the Maybridge operator?" he was asking a few moments later. "Could you tell me whether there is a flour mill, grist mill, anything of the sort at all at Maybridge?"

"Only a glass factory and a brick yard," the voice answered facetiously.

"Any flour mills anywhere near there?"

"Not as I know of."

He hung up the receiver, paid his fee and thought hard as he went back to his uncle's store. He was aware of a growing conviction in his mind that the only way in the world he could find out was from Blinkenson himself.

"But how in thunder can I?" he asked himself. He stopped in front of his uncle's store to pat the old mare and pull her mane affectionately. As he was offering her an apple from one of the open baskets in front of the store his uncle came to the door.

"Look here, Kid!" he called from

the doorway. "Could you come in here and look after trade a few minutes? I've got to see about some goods at the station, and the clerk's gone."

"Sure," the Kid assented willingly. He welcomed the additional delay; it gave him longer to think.

A woman came in and asked for a sack of self-raising buckwheat flour. The Kid went to the back of the store where the flour was kept and rapidly glanced over the names on the sacks: Queen of the West, White Lily, Briggs Whole Wheat—apparently no buckwheat. Yes, here it was: Green Brothers' Self-raising Buckwheat Flour! He carefully noted the address, Green Mills, Pennsylvania, as he put it down on the counter.

Just as the woman was leaving the store a man came in; and the Kid saw that the man was Blinkenson.

His heart started to thump crazily; he had been fooled so often that afternoon that he couldn't really believe that this great lump of luck that seemed to be coming was true. He braced himself to meet it.

Blinkenson walked to the cigar case.

"Any stogies?" he demanded.

The Kid set a box on the counter. "Dark or light?" he asked, regarding Blinkenson with childish eyes.

Blinkenson didn't answer, but selected a handful of stogies and slapped down a coin on the counter. As he stopped to light one at the smokers' tiny gas jet the Kid, a bit of his trousers leg pinched between his fingers for courage, addressed him.

"You're Mr. Blinkenson, aren't you?"

Blinkenson puffed his stogy for a moment to make sure it was lit before he answered, "Yes, I'm Blinkenson."

The Kid leaned over the counter confidentially, his blue eyes upon the man. "It's this way," he said. "We have been handling some of Green's self-raising buckwheat. That woman that went out as you came in bought the last of the lot, and—well, before any more is bought, I'd like to know if they're a thoroughly reliable firm. You can't be too careful these days. Do you happen to know anything about them?"

Blinkenson laughed a short, contemptuous laugh, and puffed at his stogy.

"My dear boy," he said, "Green Brothers would laugh if they could hear you. They've got so many orders now that they're going half crazy trying to get enough buckwheat to fill them all. They have just about the biggest and best self-raising buckwheat business in the United States, and I guess I ought to know, for I've been working for that firm for the last five years."

"I guess they'll get the order from this store, all right," said the Kid.

"You won't have much chance unless you get it in pretty quick," Blinkenson retorted as he went out the door. "They're almost snowed under now."

For two full minutes after he left, the Kid stood there tense and motionless, his muscles quivering. Then he grabbed his hat and started out, careless of the fact that he was leaving the store alone.

For a second time that afternoon he sought the long-distance telephone, and this time he asked for Green Brothers, of Green Mills.

When he came out of the booth something of his youthfulness seemed gone; there was a gravity in his eyes that did not belong to the Kid. He

glanced at the clock; it was five-thirty.

On the street Williams, a friendly neighbor, stopped him. "Look here, Kid!" he said. "You'd better beat it home as fast as you can make it. I happened in there on my way to town and they're as hot as pepper at you, and your old man says you're to be sent back to Martinsburg again."

The Kid thanked him gravely and went for his horse. He found her stamping impatiently, but for once he had no word of greeting for her as he untied her and started home. When he was within five minutes of the house he remembered that after all he had forgotten the crocks for the apple butter, but he did not turn back.

He found them all at the supper table, and he was met by four stern, accusing faces.

He stopped in the doorway and met their accusing looks unflinchingly.

"You're all as mad as hops," he said, "and in a way I don't blame you. But before I sit down and have my supper we're going to have this thing out once and for all.

"In the first place," he went on, "I might as well tell you that I forgot those crocks I went after. Clean forgot 'em."

His father's mouth suddenly hardened into a tight line.

"In the second place," continued the Kid, "I'm no good at farm work and I hate it, all except the selling, and I like that and can do it. Now, look here: Suppose each of us four men raised a hundred bushels of potatoes and sold 'em for seventy cents a bushel. That's two hundred and eighty dollars, isn't it? Now, suppose, instead of raising potatoes, I spend my time and energies in finding a market where I can get a dollar a

bushel for them. That's three hundred dollars for the potatoes, and we're all better off than if I spent my time raising potatoes. And while I am selling I might as well sell for all the Associated Farmers, and if every man give me a percentage of what I save for him the whole lot of us will be ahead. Groves is going to resign. Why can't I be your business manager on the percentage basis? Why can't I make that my business just as yours is farming? In fact, I've been doing it to-day. I've sold the buck-wheat. Blinkenson offered you a dollar seventeen, and that's the best Groves could get for you. I've just sold the whole three carloads at a dollar thirty-five."

His eyes went thoughtfully to the floor.

"Of course," he went on haltingly, "if the Associated Farmers don't want me, why, Green Brothers do, as a regular commission agent. Only ——" He raised his head and faced them almost defiantly. "Only that isn't the sort of job I want, trying to beat you all down to the lowest possible price. I want to be with the farmers where I belong, get them the best prices I can, and take my share of the profits. I want to sell for them. That's my business."

"A dollar thirty-five!" repeated his father. "You bet it's your business, Kid!"—Country Gentleman.



To Canada

By A. L. FRASER

Greece in Time's ancient portraiture doth
show

A brow of chasteness rare, while Rome is
seen

Beside a spoil-heaped chariot, serene;
Assyria's sinewy arms discharge a bow;
Phoenicia's sails to alien moorings go;
Egypt against a pyramid doth lean
And dream; while Palestine—her face aglow
With light supernal—'mong them sitteth
queen.

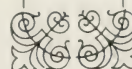
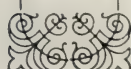
And Canada, how shall thy visage look
Far hence beside all these? Shall soulful
eyes

Thy brow adorn? And blameless hands
the Book

Of books hold fast? And high-wrought
mind despise

Mere Power and Pelf?—Then in this ample
West

The human family may reach its best.



Guidance

Second Prize Poem In Review Competition

By BESSIE M. PHILIP.

CANADA! Young, vigorous, eager to be great!
What rank awaits thee in the coming years?
Wilt thou march proudly onward, ever free,
Until thou hast outstripp'd by many a span
Thy sister lands? We pray it may be so!—and yet,
Such destiny's by pitfalls sore beset.
A careless loitering here, a false step there,
And thou with shame wilt hang thy head and weep.
What then must take to guide thee? Surely here
Nature's own self hath been unwonted kind,
Thou'st but to look about thee,—everywhere
Are standards set for sons and daughters true.
Thy mountain peaks reach far into the clouds
And tower in majesty, serene, unmoved,
Above the surging storms that rage below.
So let their ideals point to that high plane
Where man's great hopes most nearly seem divine,
And scorn the low ambitions, petty aims,
That sway the baser passions of his mind.
Thy prairies broad stand waiting to receive
And bless the man, where'er he may arise,
Who knows to hope and trust and persevere.
So let their minds be broadened to receive
The best of all the ages, make it theirs
And build on it, until in after years
A people steadfast, tolerant be thine;
Thy lakes and mountain streams bring from the heights
Their wealth of crystal waters pure and strong.
So let their minds be pure and free from taint,
Undaunted, clear, enlightened from above,
And ever to immensity returning,
As rivers to the ocean, swift and sure.
Thy sunsets, mists and clouds, thy bubbling rills,
Thy orchards rich with bloom, thy shady dells,
Thy stately trees, thy birds of sweetest song,
These spread their beauties ever in our eyes.
Oh! let thy children, too, crave beauty more,
And shed its essence in their thoughts and deeds
To make them fit inheritors of thee.
A land like unto that to Moses shown,
Worthy a people dauntless, pure and true,
A nation such as earth hath never seen.

THE O. A. C. REVIEW

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Editorials

The Get Together Spirit

CO-OPERATION seems to be the slogan of this decade. Almost every movement that has to do with the betterment of any class has the principle involved in some way. It is a generally accepted truth that the rural communities require it more than do most classes. It is highly important, therefore, that students at this college should get, not only a theoretical knowledge of co-operation, but a practical one as well. It is entirely to the credit of H. H. LeDrew, lecturer in co-operation, and to a few of our progressive students that a co-operative undertaking has been established at this college. The foresight of the student body has surely been vindicated by the unanimous manner in which they have supported the project.

It will please all our readers to learn that a still more comprehensive scheme is in the making. It is planned to organize a central association having for its objects the publishing of a magazine, the installation of a

printing press, the buying and selling of books and supplies, the building of a rink, and such other enterprises affecting the welfare of the student body as may seem advisable from time to time.

The publishing association, the supply society, and the rink association will be branches of the society. The central executive are to have control of all surplus monies and are to outline general policies. The executive of each branch society will have full control of the work pertaining to that society.

The benefits are expected to be two-fold. In the first place surplus monies of the more successful societies may be readily transferred to aid worthy causes and to give a proper balance to the general financial situation. At the present time one society may have a surplus, while another labors under a deficit. They are all operated in the interest of the student body and a drawing upon a surplus to aid a deficit will work for the general

good. Then too, a system by which these surpluses would be drawn to a common centre would greatly strengthen our credit.

In the second place the students will gain a practical knowledge of co-operation by participating in the workings of the society. They will learn by the experience route what co-operation is and what it is not. A great many failures have been due to

badly informed men who have attempted to organize co-operative societies. We need men in agriculture more than in most fields of labor who have learned to do by doing along these lines. The co-operative society will teach all this. The influence it will have in Ontario agricultural development during the next twenty years must not be overlooked.



At Last

In the November number we urged the members of the students' council to make an attempt to put the principles into force upon which the council was founded. We take very great pleasure in reporting that this step has been taken. A definite constitution has been drafted and after it has been accepted by the president and the student body it will become law. By the time this number is published the students and faculty will have determined whether or not progressive self-government shall be given the student body.

Besides defining clearly the power the council may exercise regarding routine duty, this constitution is drawn to give it legislative authority. A great deal of time is wasted every year in bringing such matters as the organization of new societies before the student body. All matters of such wide public interest will be decided by the council if the scheme is successful, just as the government decides a national question without appealing to the people.

There are many apparent advantages in the plan and others not so clearly in evidence. In the first place it will make the students responsible

unto themselves. They will be put upon their personal honor in all questions pertaining to the welfare or dignity of the college. Many consider it a light thing to violate the laws of discipline or to oppose the will of the faculty. There is a sympathy in all our hearts too in these affairs, that persuades us to take often too lenient a view of wilful misbehavior done in this spirit. But when the students become self-governing the basic element of this sympathy is removed. Each man is held directly responsible. He is judged fairly by the law, for he has been an instrument in shaping the law. He bears the same relation to the law of the school that we all do to the law of the land, and for the same reason.

Very great good will come to the students, moreover, simply by associating themselves with the movement. They will have an excellent opportunity to judge comparative values, to frame equitable laws and to enforce them when adopted. It will train the boys in citizenship and leadership. And after all no college may hope to do more than this. We need skilful farmers and wise scientists; but we must have good citizens and brave leaders.

"The Order Changeth"

The shortening days remind us that the winter is upon us. And with the winter comes the *conservazione*. The freshmen know all about the former, but the latter is as an uncut page. They still have another initiation before them.

Some will enjoy the function. Some from every year do that. But the majority of the boys we have talked to in the senior years, are not extremely enthusiastic over the *conservazione*. There is too much of a jam and too little real pleasure. We have run a Marathon ourselves, and we have attended the *conservazione*. Our experience leads us to state that little more energy is required to compete in the former than in the latter.

However, the *conservazione* will always please individuals according to individual tastes. It is a very important and a very commendable function. Indeed it has the dignity and the use of an institution. It serves a purpose and serves it admirably. But for all that any steps that may be taken to relieve the congested conditions, somewhat, this year will assuredly be most welcome.

Now there is only one way to accomplish this. We must shorten the invitation list. It may be done, too, with little inconvenience. We have seen persons present in past years who did not dignify the social function of a college. We dislike taking

a stand that may be construed to be antagonistic to democracy. But, surely it would do no harm to have the *conservazione* a little more exclusive—to have it for the personal friends of the students and for such guests of intellectual calibre as the committee may decide upon. As the matter stands now a shoeblack in Guelph might secure an invitation by simply handing fifty cents to one of the boys whom he could persuade to send him an invitation.

The plan might easily be worked to have no girls invited directly by girls, nor men by men, other than ex-students. All those not included on the personal list might be placed on a second list which would be carefully checked by a responsible body such as the students' council and finally by the president. All persons whose names appeared upon the checked list might be invited with the understanding that a fee be paid of perhaps two dollars. As the affair would become more exclusive, the congestion would be relieved, while the increased fee would place the management in easy financial circumstances. Certainly no unpleasant results would occur from a system which would tend to restrict invitations to a college function, to an educated class. We look forward with assurance to see the committee of '15 develop this idea which was originated last year by that of '14.



"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then they say no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy, nor witch hath power to harm.
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

—Shakespeare.

The Melting Pot

"Some little Talk of Me and Thee
There seemed—and then no More of Thee and Me."

Death has Thrown the Shadow of his wing over us. It has not been the first time, nor will it be the last. Yet of all the forces working among us, it is the least considered. In life we think little of death though verily in the midst of life the shade blackens our pathway.

Death brings terror to our hearts when we do think of it. We are told the murderer stops aghast at his work before the staring eyes of his victim. Even animals respect the dead.

I wonder why we are fearful. I wonder in the final analysis just what motive brings our terror and our tears. The men of Scripture have been telling since the world was young that there is no death. It is but a slipping away of shackles, an awakening in a fairer morning, a transition. The immortal hope was born when the first impulse of conscious life stirred in the deep. As intelligence grew the belief strengthened. And yet at the thought of death we tremble; when a comrade falls on sleep we grieve. I wonder why?

The Mystery of the Universe staggers us, perhaps. We yearn to know of hidden things but our longing is darkened with doubt. What majestically solemn glories our minds may conjure. What awful abysses of silence stretch outward from our vision. And at its utmost limit we feel our imagination falls short. A half-imagined suggestion of far-away splendor seems sometimes to move a hidden recess of our spirit as though an

impression of old music clung to a soul that had lived in the glory of a long dead past.

But our doubt and our fear cloud the vision. It is but a step between wakeful life and a cold, quiet face. This we know. These are the realities. The great beyond is a vision, and perhaps we fear visions.

The Mystery May Frighten Us but death never does. Like every difficulty the passing is a simple thing when we actually confront it. When the utter weakness comes; when the mind half-conscious feels the soul swaying it like a fairy breath, a sensation comes that no man can describe—very few have near—died to feel it. But the spirit is calm, is glad. It is tired and seeks only rest. The ways of men seem strange, the world a great way off. The mind contemplates neither with pleasure, nor yet with pain. No! death is not terrible nor solemn, nor sad when we reach it. It is just a tired sinking to slumber, a throwing away of a great weight. And there are few hopes of heaven or fears of hell about it.

But when a little strength returns, animal courage returns with it. The instinctive dread of death comes back and we long to live. A little more strength and we ponder of the good we may do in life.

Eternal punishment has little to do with the fear of death. It is caused by an instinctive desire to live that the Creator of life implanted in the hearts of all live things in the beginning to urge them onward in the struggle of life. Thus life is as dear

to a saint as to a sinner. Only when the physical tissues are worn to the last weariness and to live is an effort do they both gladly throw away the mortal hope. The soul is always willing.

One of Our Best has been gathered to his fathers, and we are sad. The blue Ontario will deliver the earthly form at the last long roll call. But he—the man—has solved the great mystery. Of that about which the deepest minds of all ages have quarreled so learnedly, he is informed now. He came among us to study and verily he has learned. His father may mourn, for his son has taken a great journey. We may grieve, for our comrade has departed to a far land. But he—why he has been promoted quickly. Is it not well?

Why Do Men Come To College? Each fellow has his own plans, no doubt. But how many arrive here with a fixed determination to spend as much time working in the interests of a student body that may not appreciate their work even, as they give to study? Yet that is what often happens. A person given to sober reflection is amazed at the amount of energy expended by the heads of the college associations and by other men working in ways quite apart from the study idea. He may wonder if after all it is worth while. I wonder, is it?

First let me ask why they do it? Every one—and I've talked to them all—has a kick coming about the work. No time for study; must miss lectures; can't do justice to the college course—these are the complaints. And yet each one of them would get out and fight for his job. Rather a paradoxical situation, isn't it?

The fact of the matter is that these

men are leaders, and every leader has responsibility and care. He usually objects to the work and the worry when his nerve is a little raw, but he likes his job for all that. That is why he is a leader. The very knowledge that he is a power among his fellows, that his will influences that of others, is his payment. And that is why there will always be men to do the work of our societies—aye and double the work.

Now, Does It Pay? Judged by the standard of many it does not. It lowers a man's standing in his studies; it tends to make him less scientific, I believe; it takes away much time that might be given to recreation and exercise. This does not pay. Moreover the experience he gets in executive work is hardly worth while. One month on a city daily or weekly even, will give him more experience than he can ever gain on the Review. One month of district representative work will give him a deeper insight into organization than all his work upon the societies. So a fellow does not gain so much practically by working for the public weal as some seem to believe.

But He Wins Out in another way. He develops himself. The work makes the germ of leadership grow. He begins to be conscious of his power. He gains confidence in himself. Others follow naturally where he leads. So that soon we have the two classes—the leaders and the led. In the course of years I shall not be surprised to hear that many of the led who stand high on the examination reports will be working for these leaders. And that is why it pays to develop leadership by becoming leaders in college life. But a man

may be a leader and make a high average at the examination game, too.

Did You Hear the Noise the night of the inter-faculty track meet celebration? I didn't, but I heard of it. I also read a good deal about it in the city papers. One asked why some features of the merry-making occurred. It answered its own question by stating that the damage was done because of our success at Toronto.

But that wasn't the reason. I remember when I was a freshman I came prepared to perform valiant deeds. Was not I a college boy, and had not college men always done so? I went with a party one hallow'een and we encompassed the city and besieged it with many strong men. As I remember it, one lone policeman attempted to molest our entire company; but that is another matter. In passing I might state also that such luckless ones as were discovered were brought up on the carpet next day. Another time when the ungenerous conduct of another guardian of the law prevented us from seeing eye to eye with him concerning certain matters, one or two of us nearly lost our eyes entirely in consequence.

People said then we were celebrating. We were too, but they didn't mean what we did. We were moving the town around because we thought we were supposed to. We had read of the feats performed by students, and we did likewise. We imagined that people would rather despise us as rising lights in the professional world if we didn't. Some of my friends, particularly lady friends, would tell of deeds of youths at other colleges

and ask in a doubtful manner if O. A. C. boys did thus and so. Well we did. And that is just why we did. So it was not the success of the athletes that was being celebrated upon this occasion. It was a libation poured upon the alter of college tradition.

Was it Worth While? The Guelph paper asked this question too, but refrained from answering it. It was very liberal of the paper to leave it to the public to judge. Well it was worth while in one sense. The fellows participating wanted notoriety and they got it. So they were paid. But it wasn't worth while to the college nor to the fellows who have grown out of the callow, rip-roar stage. And it wasn't worth while to the people who have suffered inconvenience owing to the damage.

It Leads to a Complicated Problem. Are college boys just "folks" or are they a particular genus of the human family governed by different laws? Outsiders claim they are not, but students hold they are. The citizens have common sense to uphold their opinion, but college men have sentiment and tradition and precedent. And what is the reason before this array? Of course reason will win eventually. It always does. But it will win slowly. It just remains for the senior students and the students' council to leaven the lump. Evolution will relieve the situation, probably, but it will do so, I fear, long after even I have forgotten.

The Passer By

COLLEGE LIFE

A Visit To Our Students' Homes

THE attendance at the O. A. C. this year is the largest in the history of the college. The countries represented are more numerous than ever. An imaginary visit to our students' homes will give us an idea of how far some of them have come to study.

We leave Guelph and travel eastward. All the cities and a large number of towns and country places in Eastern Ontario must be visited first. Then crossing into Quebec we stop at Montreal and again in about the middle of the province. Then onward in New Brunswick we go. Here our stay is a short one; but further on in Nova Scotia we have several visits to make. From here let us sail to New York. In the United States our visits are not so numerous and are rather far apart. Having visited many of the eastern states we must return to New York and set sail for the West Indies where we find some of our students' homes among the orange and banana trees of those favored lands. Then crossing over into Mexico we make another stop and pass on to Panama. Here we have the privilege of viewing one of the greatest engineering triumphs the world has ever seen, which now provides a permanent waterway across the Isthmus of Panama. Our journey is a long one, however, so we must hurry on into South America and after visiting the Argentine make our way to Rio de Janeiro.

Our next voyage to Liverpool will

be a long one. Going directly to Ireland we will visit some homes in the "ould Isle shure"—then back to Scotland and down into England. Here our visits are numerous. In London, the mother of cities, we tarry awhile before making our way to many smaller cities and many shires. Russia is our next objective point, and then back we go to the quaint little country of Holland. A visit or two here, a few days in Germany, a short stay in Spain and finally we end our European trip in Portugal.

Another long sea voyage and we are in South Africa. Had our voyage been taken a year sooner we could have included New Zealand and Japan in it, but now we must sail around the world to British Columbia. We make several visits along the coast, and then break through the fastnesses of the Rockies upon the open prairie to stop all along the route to Ontario. Coming through the northern sections of the province our visits are few, but once we get into southern parts we have to visit nearly every county until we arrive at Guelph.

HAZY RECOLLECTIONS.

Pigs, Soot and Other Luxuries.

On the Tuesday afternoon after college opened, a general holiday was declared, because the sophomores had arranged to extend their initial welcome to the freshmen in the form of

initiations. About two o'clock the freshmen were ushered out to their place on the campus by the lordly "sophs," and required to parade on hands and knees between the legs of a ring of sophomores, during which time, the latter were continually making use of the muscle acquired during the summer, to the great annoyance of the freshmen.

These were then divided into groups, each one going through some such performance as a tug-of-war, during which the rope accidentally (?) broke; an obstacle race—the obstacles being awkward, more on account of their condition than their size; a pillow fight, chasing the greasy pig, and some boxing in sacks. The events were characterized by their cleanness so far as sportsmanship was concerned, but not in any other sense.

The Lion Lies Down With the Lamb —Under It.

The freshmen then collected around the flag, which they were given to defend, and in a short time the sophomores were seen approaching. They were loaded down with various missiles which they unloaded upon the freshmen at close range, and following their war-chariot charged.

Every form of strategy employed failed however, and after a strenuous fight which lasted thirty minutes the freshmen still held the flag and most of the sophomores.

Y. M. C. A. RECEPTION.

New Blood for the Flock.

The freshmen were tendered a reception by the Y. M. C. A. the night after the initiations. They along with a large number of students from the other years, met in the college

gymnasium, and had a talk amongst themselves. A programme of speeches, musical selections, and the singing of popular songs by the assembled company was enjoyed by all. Refreshments were then served as a fitting conclusion to a delightful evening.

LIGHT HOURS WITH LITERATURE.

A welcome to our social life was extended to the new, as well as the old students, in the form of an 'At Home' given by the Union Literary Society of the O. A. C. and Macdonald Hall, on Friday, September 26th.

The girls and men assembled in the Macdonald Hall gymnasium at seven o'clock and after a busy half hour, during which the company became better acquainted, the majority had their cards well filled.

"Come Lasses and Lads"

The promenades, which were thirteen in number, then commenced and one can well imagine how the young people enjoyed themselves.

Hark! The Soft Guitar.

At intervals throughout the evening musical selections were rendered and refreshments were served toward the close. Then the strains of "God Save the King" were heard ringing through the hall, thus ending a very enjoyable evening.

HARMONIOUS DISPUTATIONS

The first union meeting of the Literary Society was held on Saturday, October 11th, when representatives of the junior and senior years took part in the debate. Being the first of the season, a large crowd from both the Hall and the Residence assembled.

The following programme was rendered:

Vocal Solo—Mr. G. Patton.

Speech—Prof. J. B. Reynolds.

Reading—Miss B. McGregor.

Vocal Solo—Miss B. McKinnon.

Quartette—Messrs. J. McRostie, R. Hinman, P. Vahey and R. Griffin.

The subject of the debate was "Resolved that the practice of initiation at this college should be abolished." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. R. D. Colquette and J. P. Sackville, while G. J. Spencer and G. S. Hirst were their opponents. Both sides entered the discussion with great enthusiasm, resulting in brilliant speaking. After a short discussion the judges decided in favor of the affirmative. Prof. H. L. Hutt, acted as critic.

BAD FOR TRAINING.

The Church and Its Digestive Functions.

The following socials were given to which the girls and men from the Heights were invited.

Norfolk St. Church was the scene of the first reception of the season on Monday, September 29th. A goodly crowd assembled and after a very enjoyable programme, refreshments were served and the party broke up.

Dublin St. Church was the scene of another At Home on Monday, October 6th. After an interesting evening, refreshments were served as a fitting close.

On Monday, October 13th, both St. Andrews and St. Georges Churches gave receptions. Each was well attended and the students thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

ALUMNI

Successful Men Number

A PRACTICAL FARMER.

Nelson Monteith.

Nelson Monteith, B. S. A., assumed the management of his father's farm at the early age of 16. At 18 he determined to take a commercial course, and spent two winters at the London Commercial College. Here he met many men who have since made their mark in the public life of the country.

Close application to farm work, combined with wide reading, soon determined him to take a course at the O. A. C. He registered in 1887,

passed with honors in most subjects, and in the final year received his B. S. A., although he had had a curtailed course because of managing his farm at the same time.

During the next autumn he set about the systematic underdrainage of his farm, and laid 15,000 tile.

No doubt, memory of this work and its benefits led him to give instructions, when he became Minister of Agriculture, that the physics department undertake drainage surveys for the people of Ontario.

He entered public life and step by

step won friends and renown until he became Councillor, Deputy Reeve, Reeve, Warden, representative of the Conservative party, he was elected to parliament in 1898, and finally, in the turnover of 1905, entered the Whitney Cabinet as Minister of Agriculture.

He was defeated by a slight majority in the following election.

He has since refused to be nominated, preferring to spend his time quietly with his family. He married Miss May Lupton in 1897, an earnest and sympathetic partner in his ac-

Black, whose life has been one of continual successes ever since he graduated from O. A. C. in 1902.

He became one of the editors of the "Farmers' Advocate," where his services were so much appreciated, that he was given the managing editorship of the western branch of that same journal.

Here, again, Black was the right man in the right place, and earned such popularity in the west, that he was chosen as Deputy Minister of Agriculture. He filled this office very successfully and in 1905 became



View of Roadway Leading to Rear of Nelson Monteith's Farm.

tivities, who has done much to enable him to secure his success in life.

That Nelson Monteith is a public-spirited man, is shown by his active interest in literary society work, in education and up-to-date farming methods. He gave his hearty support to the O. A. C. in the first years of its existence, and will always be remembered by his fellow graduates, as the first associate editor of the Review.

W. J. Black, B. S. A.

Time does not halt in its forward march, neither does our friend W. J.

president of the new Agricultural College at Winnipeg. The M. A. C., although a young college, has come rapidly to the front, being now ranked among the finest in the world. Great is the president's popularity among its students and graduates.

In December, 1904, Mr. Black was married to Ida M., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Day, of Creemore, Ontario; he has not repented of it.

An Enterprising Minister.

The Hon. W. R. Motherwell was born at Perth, in Lanark county,

where he received his early education and training. After spending two years at High School, he was sent as a county pupil to the O. A. C., where he proved himself a diligent student, graduating in 1881.

The lure of the west was as great then as it is now, and he went to Brandon, then the terminus of the C. P. R.; but not being content there, moved to that fertile district of Pheasant Plains.

During his early years of pioneer life, Motherwell showed his ability for leadership, and in 1902 was made president of the Territorial Grain Growers' Association, a position which he held until 1905, when he became the first Minister of Agriculture for the newly formed Province of Saskatchewan.

Due to his able efforts Saskatchewan has forged its way to the front rank in agriculture.

Besides attending to his duties as Minister, he still devotes considerable time to managing his farm at Abernethy, where his up-to-date methods of farming and steady work have made a beautiful and comfortable home.

That his efforts may be crowned with even greater success in the future than in the past, is the wish of all O. A. C. old boys.

Bells Are Ringing.

Mr. Milton Weber, an associate of

Class '12, and Miss Florence Ham-
ocker, a Homemaker of 1909-10, were
married at the bride's home, Poplar
Hill, on September 19th. After a
honeymoon in western parts, they
will reside at Winterbourne, fifteen
miles from Guelph, where Mr. Weber
will operate a mixed farm.

Since leaving Mac Hall, Miss Ham-
acker has been interested in Women's
Institute work, as secretary of the
North Middlesex branch. We wish
them every success.

On September 10th, Mr. Chas. F.
Mackenzie, of class '15, and Miss Belle
Smith, of St. Thomas, were married
at the Methodist manse, St. Thomas.
"Mac" is well known to the boys of
the O. A. C. He has our heartiest
congratulations.

Mr. E. W. Jarvis and Nina Gladys,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edson
Fitchell, were united in matrimony at
Leamington, on October 1st. They
will reside at Wheatley.

Mr. W. F. Edmonds, an associate of
class '15, and Miss Ruby A. Pierce, of
Brimsley, Ont., a Homemaker of
class '12, were married on June
4th, and have taken up their resi-
dence on Manitoulin Island, near
Gore Bay, where Mr. Edmonds will
operate a mixed farm.

VALUE OF MONEY.

If money made the birds sing any sweeter,
Or made the skies a brighter, better blue
If money made a summer day completer,
Or added to the sunset's gorgeous view
If money made a meadow more entrancing;
A shady lane a better place to stroll;
If gold could add one bit to my romancing,
On money then I'd strive to feed my soul.
—Exchange.

ATHLETICS

The Phoenix From The Ashes

Soccer Revives—Initial Success

Back in the '80's and '90's soccer was practically the only form of football played at this institution, but it has gradually given place to rugby, till, within the last few years, it has become an almost "unknown quantity." This year, however, considerable interest has been manifested in the game, and under the direction of the Athletic Association a manager, Mr. Curtis, was appointed. He at once began to gather material for a team.

In order to create still more enthusiasm an inter-year match was arranged between first and second years which was won by the latter.

After a week or so of team practice, they were lined up for their first game against the Paisley Memorial team of Guelph. Paisley Memorial won the toss and played with the wind, which was blowing strongly. The game had been in progress only a few minutes, when the visiting team scored their first and only goal on a long kick from centre field. The college resumed play with a rush, and soon tallied their first goal. In the last half O. A. C. were again successful in scoring, and the game ended with the score 2 to 1 in favor of the college.

RUGBY

Central Y. M. C. A. Game.

Our football season this year opened with a surprise that made those

who were inclined to be pessimistic sit up and take notice. For notwithstanding the fact, that few of our last year champion team are back, and that the boys had very little team practice, they put up a good game. The result of this first game, though, need not be taken as an indication that we have a particularly strong team, as the opposing team was made up of new and inexperienced players.

The first game, an exhibition one, was played with the Central Y. M. C. A. team, of Toronto, on September 27th, at Guelph, and resulted in an over-whelming victory for the home team. The score 34 to 0 indicates the play, especially during the last half.

Both teams, but more particularly the "Y's," showed the lack of practice. The fast pace set by the college aggregation was too much for their opponents, who were completely out-classed.

Play during the first quarter was very even. The Y. M. C. A. team had the centre buck working exceptionally well, but were unable to tally. Simpson of the O. A. C. back division made a brilliant run and later kicked for a point. The quarter ended, O. A. C. 1; Y. M. C. A. 0.

The second quarter started with both teams working hard. When trying to make "yards," Wilson of the O. A. C. was injured, and had to give place, for a time, to Munro. This quarter was marked by more open play. On a pretty pass through Mun-

ro and Welton, followed by a rush by Captain Braithwaite, O. A. C. came within a few inches of scoring. From here the "Y's" were forced for a "safety."

O. A. C., 3; Y. M. C. A., 0.

Third quarter began with a rush by O. A. C., who were soon within a few feet of Y. M. C. A. touch line. Then followed a centre-scrim-buck for a touch, with Neelands in the lead, but was not allowed. However, on the next "down," Hare went over for a "try." Following this, the play was a series of bucks, till Simpson kicked; and the ball in being returned was blocked. A mad rush followed, which resulted in another try for the college, by Braithwaite. For the third time in this quarter, the O. A. C.'s rushed things, and went over for another try; which was converted by Herder.

O. A. C., 19; Y. M. C. A., 0.

In the last quarter Agar of the O. A. C. showed up. Following a run by Simpson, came one by Agar, with a touch-down. Following this came two more "tries" in rapid succession by Simpson and Hockett. Play then slowed down and the quarter ended with the final score: O. A. C., 34; Y. M. C. A., 0.

The Teams

Y. M. C. A.—Full Back: Johnson; Halves: Lobb, Williams, Burnell, Weston; Quarter: Vincent; Line: Wallace, Cookwell, Jenner, Croft, Maudsley, Pillow, Pierce, Baker, Priestman, Sloane.

O. A. C.—Halves: Agar, Simpson, Hockett; Quarter: Pawley; Flying Wing: Langley; Line: Welton, Cairncross, Sibbett, Morse, Neelands, Donald (Delahay), Hare, Braithwaite, Wilson.

Visitors from London

London 20, O. A. C. 15 was the final score which delighted the hearts of the London boys at Exhibition Park, on October 4.

Neither team played good rugby, though the play was brilliant at times. Frequent fumbles played too important a part in the scoring. Both back divisions were guilty of this fault, though the college boys were the chief offenders. All the London "tries" were due to fumbles by our back division, and only one of the college "tries" was the result of good playing. That was when Champ Herder went through a hole in London's line for a "touch" in the first quarter. London's back division was greatly superior to ours on the afternoon's play, Judd and Chirpy Weld making some splendid runs.

The first quarter ended, London 5, and college 6, with the latter working up.

In the second quarter Chirpy Weld made a long run on an on-side kick; and a few minutes later, when college fumbled, he went over for a try. Both sides then punted repeatedly and the quarter ended, London 11, O. A. C., 8.

At the beginning of the third quarter O. A. C. forced the play, and scored on a kick to dead-line. London fumbled and Neelands got the ball on their quarter line. O. A. C. could not hold the advantage and London scored twice on kick to dead-line. London, 13; O. A. C., 9.

At the beginning of the fourth quarter Agar was forced to rouge twice. O. A. C. then worked up, and on a succession of fumbles, which broke right for the college, Welton went over for a "try." A few minutes later London was forced to rouge. The score was now a tie and

the rooters pulled hard for college to go over again; but London got the break, and with only a few minutes more to play went over for a try.

London, 20; O. A. C., 15.

Line-Up.

London—Half Backs: Judd, Ross, and Weld; Full Back: Richardson; Quarter: Wright; Line: Steele, Fiddes, Duffield, Dalton, Cooper, Hogg, Rowan, Edwards and MacKay.

O. A. C.—Half Backs: Agar, Herdner and Hucket; Quarter: Pawley; Flying Wing: Langley; Line: Welton, Cairncross, Sibbett, Morse, Neelands, Donald and Delahay, Hare, Irvine and Bertram, Wilson.

We Need Him

Captain Braithwaite, who was badly hurt in a practice on the evening previous to the game, was needed on the O. A. C. line-up. His line bucks and tackles made him a valuable asset to the team. His injury has put him out of the game for the season; and his absence has weakened the team considerably.

O. A. C. at Petrolia.

On Saturday, October 11, the college football team journeyed to Petrolia, where they were decisively beaten to the tune of 27 to 1.

The Petrolia team were much superior in the wing lines, which enabled them to make yards time after time. The halves very ably supported the forward line at all times.

The first half was characterized by loose play and fumbling on the part of the college boys. This accounted for the high score, nearly all of which was made in this portion of the game.

In the second half the college boys did much better. The halves made

some splendid runs, but did not get the necessary support.

The O. A. C. line-up was the same as against London, except that Binkley played on the forward line, and Simpson on the half-line instead of Hucket.

Rugby Second Team.

The seconds have been out regularly all fall practicing against the first team, and have made wonderful improvement. They are a fairly husky bunch, and next year no doubt many of them will make a name for themselves on the first team.

They played their first game of the season on October 1 with the Guelph Collegiate, on the college campus. The college team was superior in every respect, and hence had an easy game. The score, 28 to 0, indicates the comparative strength of the teams.

Gandier and Lee of the college half line did especially good work. Both made some nice runs, but the former was particularly strong in kicking, and the latter in using his hand to keep off tacklers when making a run.

Stickle, Gandier, Lee and Springstead were responsible for tries; and Gandier succeeded in converting three of these, making the final score:

O. A. C., 28; Collegiate, 0.

O. A. C. II.'s at Berlin.

On October 11 the seconds journeyed to Berlin and demonstrated their superiority over St. Jerome aggregation by the score of 7 to 5.

The game was not marked by any spectacular plays but rather the reverse. Both teams lacked the finer points of the game. St. Jerome repeatedly lost ground through interference.

The first tally was made by the col-

lege, when one of Berlin's back division fumbled the ball, letting Townsend get it, and go over for a "try." This was not converted. St. Jerome immediately after made a "touch" which was not converted.

St. Jerome, 5; O. A. C., 5.

During the remainder of the game there were no touch-downs, but O. A. C. succeeded in forcing St. Jerome to rouge twice, hence winning by 2 points.

St. Jerome at O. A. C.

O. A. C., 18; St. Jerome, 8.

On the following Saturday, October 18, a return game was played.

This was a much better game than the one played on the previous Saturday. There were numerous fumbles on both sides, but there were also some excellent plays. Gorskey, of the St. Jerome back division, made the first pretty run of the game, and kicked for a point. A little later Munro, of the O. A. C., got the ball on a pass from St. Jerome and made a 25-yard run. A "centre buck" followed with Springstead in the lead for a touch, which was converted by Gandier.

Springstead and Gandier were responsible for two more "tries," which were converted. Moyer, of St. Jerome, did some good kicking and was responsible for their only touch-down. The game ended with the final score: O. A. C., 18; St. Jerome, 8.

Line-Up

St. Jerome—Full Back: Gilmarten; Halves: Moyer, Gosskey, McKenna; Quarter: Firestone; Line: O'Brian, Fedy, Reitzel, Caesar, Virant, Goodrow, Reynolds, Ford, Hoas.

O. A. C.—Halves: Munro, Gandier, Welton; Quarter: Wilson; Flying

Wing: Keirstead; Line: Springstead, Steckle, Bulman, Townsley, Crawford, Gregg, Bergy, Townsend and Lee.

VARSITY FIELD MEET.

Hope Still—Train Always

In 1911, O. A. C. second with 31 points. In 1912, O. A. C. second with 29 points.

That has been our record at the Varsity meet for the past two years. This year the O. A. C. track team again took second place with 30 points and lost the championship by only $6\frac{1}{2}$ points.

The Dents who won the championship both this year and last owe their success to two good men—Bricker and Campbell. These two men alone scored 25 of the $36\frac{1}{2}$ points made by the Dents.

Our track team did well in the runs and weight events, but lost in the jumps. White won first in the $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile, first in the $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile and second in the mile, thus making the second highest individual score, only two points behind the winner of the individual championship.

Forsythe won first in the discus event, and second in putting the shot. In the meantime S. C. Wilson won second in the 220 yards, and Carrol won third in the hammer throw.

The final event, the relay race, was one of the most exciting events of the day. It was a struggle between the two leading faculties, Dents and O. A. C. The O. A. C. team, composed of Varey, Bird, Scott and Agar, won in the fast time of 3 min. 45 3-5 sec.

We must compliment the members of the team, one and all, on the good work they did, but there is still room for improvement.

If it is possible, the boys who de-

sire to make the track team, should get out and start training earlier in the season. From September 19 to time of track meet is rather too short a time to train, for best results. Therefore, if at all possible, they should do a little training during the summer, and then, they would be ready, upon their return to college to undergo four weeks of hard, scientific training under careful management, such as we have here.

Great credit is due Mr. Miller, the track manager, and Mr. Gillies, the physical director, for the conscientious and painstaking manner in

which they have trained the boys. Both of these men are so well known to the student body that further mention of them need not be made here.

Only by continuous and conscientious training, and all working in harmony, can a team be built up that will "cop" the premier honors at the University Track Meet, and so bring honor and glory to the O. A. C., and then we can give in the real college spirit, the yell:

When you're up, you're up,
And when you're down, you're down,
But when you're up against O. A. C.
O. A. C. will put you down.

MACDONALD

Christmas! ! !

The open sesame of our treasure box of happiness. To every Mac girl it means the same—home, mother and our host of friends.

To all our readers we extend our heartiest Christmas wishes and congratulations. We hope you will get lots of presents and have the happiest Christmas season that you've ever had.

But away down in our hearts we want you to remember to live the true Christmas spirit. Forget the smallnesses and let us live the spirit of a day of long ago—a day on which a humble birth changed the spirit of the whole world.

Faces wear a gladsome smile,
Hearts enlarge, and for awhile

All are friends.

Cheer and kindness fill each breast,
The sad grow happy with the rest,

All are glad.

Readers, friends, to thee we send
Yule-tide greetings without end,
To one and all.

CHRISTMAS DON'TS.

1. Don't eat too much, but if you do, don't make the rest of the family suffer for it.

2. Don't do all your shopping on Christmas Eve.

3. If you value the respect of your friends and relatives don't show mother how to cook the Christmas dinner.

4. Don't pass on old Christmas presents—you may send them to the wrong person.

5. Don't buy father a tie—he'll appreciate a dollar book of car-tickets more.

6. Don't give your little brother a horn and expect him not to use it.

7. Above all, don't forget to make someone happy.

OUR INITIATION.

Since coming back to school the subject of initiation has been seriously thought of by every Macdonald and O. A. C. student. Since Mac girls found it impossible to carry out any of the thrilling initiation mapped out recently by some of our brilliant speakers, we decided to do something sensible.

Our beloved Queen, dressed in truly royal state, was enthroned in the gym and surrounded by her attentive courtiers. Each freshie was brought before the queen and in true humility was made to bow the knee and make obeisance unto our queen. Having declared her loyalty to the queen and her court, the freshie was declared duly initiated. A few of the most promising freshies were later asked to entertain the audience in order that the seniors might ascertain their ability and worth.

Refreshments were served and the initiation ended in truly Macdonald fashion.

The freshies took their initiation in splendid part and the feeling between initiated and initiators at the end of the programme was that of the very first order.

TO THE GIRL WHO COOKS.

The girl of the twentieth century,
 So the novelists say,
 Is fairer far than the fairest star,
 That blooms on the milky way.
 We read of her curls, this queen of girls,
 In many a bulky book;
 But the man of to-day is apt to say,
 She's pretty, but can she cook?

Her cheeks may be roses, her teeth
 may be pearls,
 Her manner a soft caress,
 In days of old, warriors bold
 Died for a great deal less;
 But the world has grown old, men's
 hearts are cold,
 No more do they slay for a look.
 They tell you they never loved before,
 And then find out if you cook.

And since Mother Eve and Genevieve
 "Are sisters under their skin,"
 We put away our war paint gay,
 And learn to weave and spin.
 And when each meets her one true
 love,
 (They'll meet by hook or crook),
 His love, for his dear, is unmixed with
 fear
 That she may not be able to cook.
 —Mabel St. Clair McLean.

THE MUSKOKA CONFERENCE

Up in Muskoka, between Lakes Rosseau and Joseph is a spot well-known to all Canadian college women, and loved by those whose privilege it has been to visit it. This is Elgin House. Thither, on June 25th, went the two delegates sent from Macdonald Hall to the Y. W. C. A. conference held there yearly.

The place itself is charming. Surrounded by beautiful lawns, sloping down to the lake shore, stands Elgin House. Around the blazing logs in the big stone fireplaces on a chilly evening, there gather groups of girls from all parts of the Dominion to talk of their college life, and to discuss plans for the better working of the Y. W. C. A.—this organization which is always a feature in the academic life of women.

Among the delegates of note at the

conference this year were Miss Jsuda, from Japan, Madam Orvensky from Russia, Miss Platt of India, Rev. F. H. Wallace of China and Miss Garey of New York. Not least among the privileges, which the gathering offered, was that of meeting these people socially and listening to their addresses on the work in far-away lands.

The mornings were given up to mission study and Bible study. The girls who are in these classes are those who will teach this work in their own colleges during the coming winter. The noon-hour was spent in discussion, by the presidents of the different Y. W.'s, of ways and means of creating and keeping up the interest in the work among the students. The afternoon was given up to recreation. On one afternoon there was a regatta, and on another a garden party; but the most interesting occasion was stunt day, when each college performed some stunt.

These Muskoka conferences are of vital interest to our college. Already we have received benefit from the last one. The enthusiasm and spirit of the conference has been passed on to us by our worthy delegates—Miss Babb and Miss Lees.

THE FOOD TROUBLE.

Food with which we should be sated,
Firstly is adulterated.
In the face we cannot look it,
For no cook will come to cook it.
Then we bolt, though we may rue it,
For we have no time to chew it.
'Tis in vain that we would try it,
For we have no cash to buy it.
Down our throats we cannot sling it;
Waiters strike, and will not bring it.
With futility we eye it;
Faddists say we ought to diet.
Small indeed our chance to know it,
For the farmers will not grow it.
Therefore, no one need be skeptic,
Why the nation is dyspeptic!

WITH OUR GRADUATES

Mrs. Oliver is teaching household science in Paris, Ont.; Miss Helen Campbell in Hamilton, Miss White and Miss Shorey in Ottawa. Miss L. Beatty is pupil dietitian in Toronto General Hospital, and Miss N. Goldie in a Hamilton hospital. Miss Schwan is superintendent of Ann Arbor hospital. Miss Currie is housekeeper and dietitian in Lethbridge hospital. Mrs. McPhayden has a position as demonstrator for the women's institutes.



A LIFE LESSON

By James Whitcombe Riley

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know,
And your tea-set blue,
And your playhouse, too
Are things of long ago.
But the childish troubles will soon pass by,
There, little girl, don't cry!

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days

Are the things of the long ago.
But life and love will soon come by—
There, little girl, don't cry!

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are the things of the long ago:
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh—
There, little girl, don't cry!

LOCALS

An impromptu concert was held in the Macdonald gymnasium last Thursday evening when the following selections were rendered:

Song—The “Campbells” are Coming,
By B. Hess.

Second ditto—"I doubt 'e will."

Hartley—"Are you well suited with your boarding house?"

Attenburg—"Yes, indeed, have a



Our Stock-Judging Team at Chicago.

Recitation—The Cross of Saint
“George,”

By B. McKinnon.

Recitation—The House that “Jack”
Built,

By L. Creelman.

Solo—Friday Always Was My
 “Jonah” Day,

By H. Oldham.

First Homeseeker—"Do you think

whole suite of rooms."

Horrobin (aside)—“Bedroom, bathroom and front hall.”

Duff to Neelands—"Did you hear of the blunder Hogarth made?"

Neelands—"Which one?"

Duff—"He thought the opening prom. was a masquerade and went disguised as a waiter.

A woodpecker lit on a freshman's head,
 And settled him down to drill;
 After boring away for half a day,
 He finally broke his bill.

Peren—"I had my picture taken yesterday, fellows."

Burrows—"Got the proofs?"

Peren—No; you'll have to take my word for it."

Morse—"What are you writing in your note book, Blondy?"

Wilson—"Oh, just jotting down some dances I've engaged for next year's masquerade."

Heard on Field Day

Spectator (just arrived)—"Is this the finish of the 220-yard dash?"

Soph—"No; that's Orr and Bennett on the first lap of the one-mile walk."

It is said that Hirst has the option of a splendid position with the "Canadian Farm."

The freshmen wish him great success in his new field of labor (if he accepts). Jerry has already proved himself a "first"-class salesman.

A friend in need is a friend to avoid.
 —Freshie.

Que.—"What is a college paper?"

Ans.—A college paper is a publication to which five per cent. of the students subscribe, and which ninety-five per cent. criticize.

WIN TER THE GREAT!

Once in a far land lived a youth named Win Ter, and he was of goodly parts and comely. Now, when he had come to a town removed many leagues in the wilderness, which is called by

the natives thereof Roy All Citee, being translated Guelph, he tarried a while, and his undoing was of this wise:

A certain damsel of the tribe named Eve did besiege him with beauty and a merry wit, until his heart was moved. So that he purchased for the sum of 85 cents in the barbarous coin of that realm two passes for the amphitheatre wherein was much singing and dancing, and the music of instruments.

After he had gained entrance he pushed boldly forward, as was his wont amid danger, so that he became lost and was sorely perplexed. While he stood, knowing not whither to turn, the damsel surreptitiously removed herself, that is to say eradicated her presence, from his side—which conduct it seems is best suited to the female mood of that people.

Now, Win Ter knew not that a friend would have warned him but betook himself forthwith to that side furthest from the arena where the guide was stationed. Upon this the friend Bill Stan Lee shouted lustily with much gesticulation so that Win Ter perceived the location of his bench and returned with haste.

Such is the nature of the seats constructed by those people of the hills that the bottoms are manipulated by hidden springs and fly upward shrewdly. After bestowing his head covering upon wires attached to the seat bottom, he would fain have sat himself at ease. But his knowledge encompassed not these mysteries, so he sat upon his head covering and from thence to the floor, amid much show and rejoicing.

It's a long road that has no joy-ride.—A Campbell.

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6.15	8.25	10.35	12.25	4.05	7.55
6.35	8.45	10.55	12.45	4.25	8.15
6.55	9.10	11.20	1.05	4.50	8.35
7.20	9.30	11.40	1.30	5.15	9.00
7.40	9.50	12.05	1.50	5.40	9.20
8.00	10.15		2.10	6.05	9.40
			2.35	6.30	10.05
			2.55	6.50	10.25
			3.20	7.10	*10.45
			3.40	7.35	

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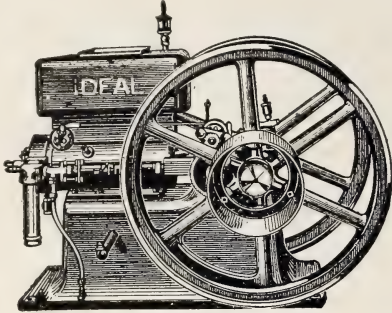
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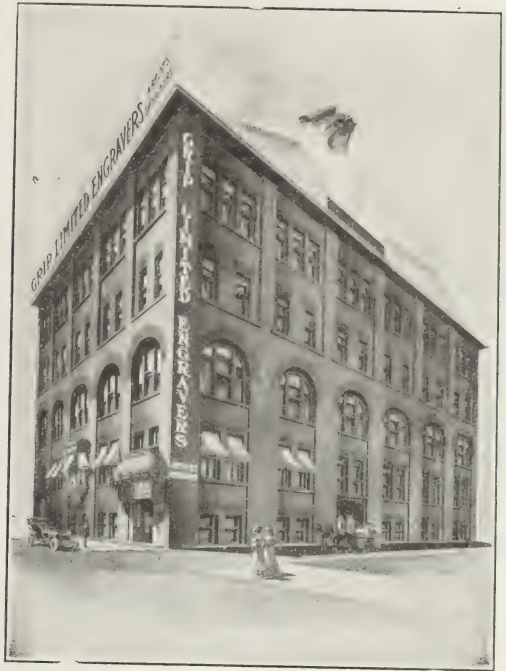
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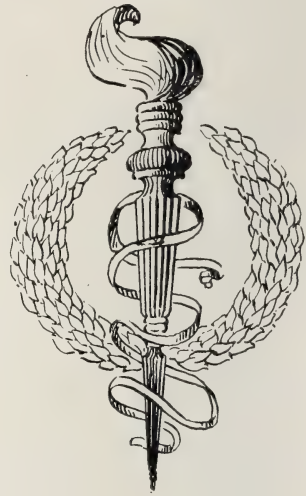
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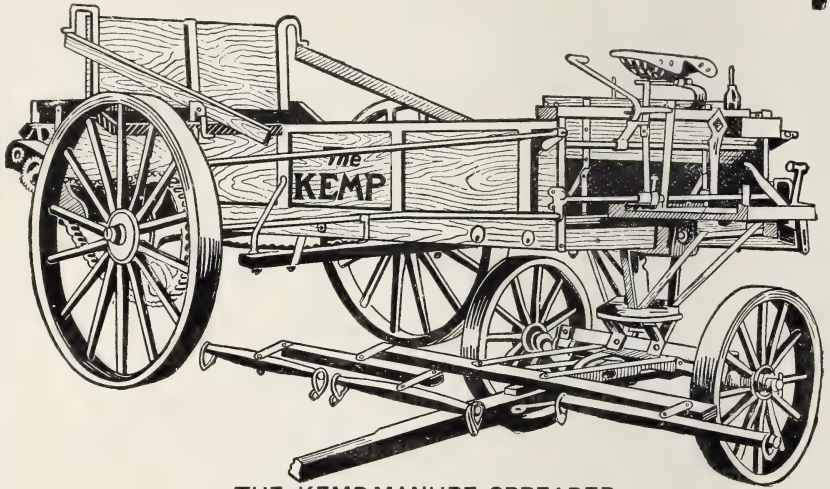
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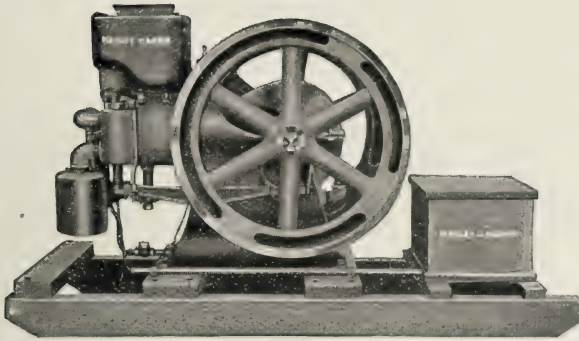
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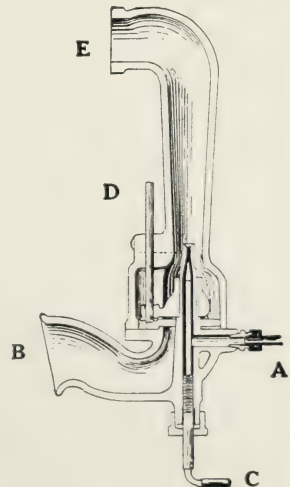
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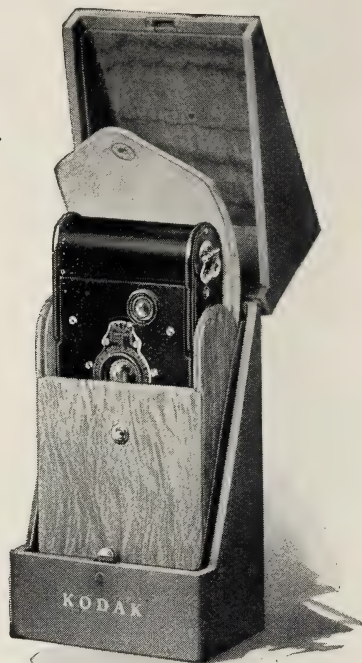
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Neill, The Shoe Man

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Dentist

(On the Corner)

Over Guelph and Ontario Investment
and Savings Society Bank
PHONE 16

PROMPTNESS

A trial order will convince you of the class
of work we do
Ladies' and Gents' Clothes Pressed, Cleaned
and Repaired.

STEWART & WILSON

19-21 Quebec St., GUELPH.

Phone 456. Above R. J. Stewart, Tailor

CUT FLOWERS

Choice Cut Flowers always on hand. Roses,
Carnations, Valley, Violets and all
Flowers in season.

GILCHRIST'S

Phone 436. St. Georges Square.

R. H. McPHERSON

Barber

Get your hair cut at 145 Wyndham street,
An extra barber employed at the highest
wages for your sake.

Students' Special In

PHOTOS

\$1.50 Per Dozen

Students Only

THE BURGESS STUDIO

THE PEOPLE'S CIGAR STORE

Macdonald Block.

Newspapers, Magazines and Picture Post
Cards. Full stock of Pipes and
Tobaccos

HERB. BARBER & SON.

Please mention the O. A. C. REVIEW when answering advertisements.

For Rugby Boots Street Shoes and Dancing Pumps

TRY THE BIG SHOE STORE

J. D. McARTHUR

BRING US YOUR REPAIRING

D. M. FOSTER, L.D.S., D.D.S.,
Dentist,

Cor. Wyndham and MacDonnell Streets.
Telephone 14. Over Dominion Bank.

**ERNEST A. HALES, 68 St. George's
Square**

Sells the Best Meats
and Poultry

Phone 191 - - Open all Day

JOHN IRVING

"MY TAILOR"

Clothing Made to Order

Pressing, Cleaning and Repairing

49 Cork St. Phone 739L Guelph.

THE GUELPH OIL CLOTHING COMPANY, Limited

Manufacturers Oiled Clothing, Tar-
paulins, Tents, Awnings, Stack and
Binder Covers.

James H. Smith

Upper Wyndham, Next the Apollo
Molasses Taffy, Walnut Cream, and Maple
Cream—Best in the City—Fresh every day.

LUNCHES SERVED.

MIDNIGHT SUPPERS

Bacon, Oysters, Fancy Biscuits,
Olives, Pickles, Chocolates, Etc.

J. A. McCrea & Son

BOYS!!

Get your Laundry done FREE
for 1 year by sending your work
to

Guelph Steam LAUNDRY



Ask for Coupons.



We have the only machine in
the city giving the most up-to-
date finish to collars. We also
sew on buttons on your shirts.



COLLEGE Men are get-
ting wiser all the
time.

⌘ Perish the thought that
would lead one to suppose
otherwise!

⌘ One thing that makes us think
so is the increasing number of
College Men that are buying their
clothes at the

Lyons Tailoring Company
47 WYNDHAM STREET

We are Guelph's Largest Tailors,
with Stores in Ten Cities. We
make good clothes for men, and
the size of our organization en-
ables us to give surprising
values compared to those else-
where. Our prices are from
\$18.00 to \$30.00 for made-to-
measure, and it's REAL Made-
to-measure, with a try-on to in-
sure its being absolutely right.

STUDENTS

We can supply you with the BEST

MILK, CREAM,

DEVONSHIRE CREAM, CREAM CHEESE,
BUTTER and ICE CREAM

BARRETT'S DAIRY COMPANY, Limited,
Phone 799

F. L. BARRETT,
President.

P. A. B. CHERRY, B.S.A.,
Secretary-Treasurer

"Costly thy raiment as thy purse can buy,"
and see to it that it is bought at

Thornton & Douglas'

The Students' Outfitters.

T. & D. Suits, \$10.00 to \$30.00
T. & D. Over-Coats \$8.50 to \$35.00

Special attention to **Made-to-Measure**
orders. **Furnishings** always crisp and com-
plete.

THORNTON & DOUGLAS,
Lower Wyndham St.

J. McLEOD, - - Local Manager

H. H. WOODEN

O. A. C. Barber Shop. Three Barbers.
No Waiting.

St. George's Sq. Cars Stop at Door.

Finest Pipes, Cigarettes and Tobacco.

Students are invited to make my store
their meeting place when down town.

JIMMY COCKMAN, Tobacconist,
Successor to Sheridan & O'Connor,
45 Wyndham Street.

KING EDWARD BARBER SHOP

Newly Remodelled

Strictly Sanitary and Up-to-date.

JAS. SMITH, - New Proprietor.

THE OLD TOBACCO SHOP

Quebec St., Opposite Bank of Montreal.

We sell the O. A. C. Celebrated English
Smoking Mixture; also carry the best stock
of English and imported tobaccos and
cigarettes in the city. Phone 312.

B.B.B., G.B.D., and Loewes Pipes
E. H. JOHNS, PROPRIETOR,

LEE WING

CHINESE LAUNDRY

The Best Work in the City.

57 Quebec St., Opp. Chalmers Church
GUELPH, ONT.

WONG'S O.K. LAUNDRY

The Students' Laundry, Opposite Winter
Fair Building.

College calls made on Monday, Wednesday
and Friday.

BEST WORK IN CITY

Please mention the O. A. C. REVIEW when answering advertisements.

Look! Look!!

Suits Pressed	-	-	-	-	50c
Suits Cleaned and Pressed	-	-	-	-	75c
Pants Pressed	-	-	-	-	15c
Velvet Collars	-	-	-	75c to	\$1.25
Dry Cleaning	-	-	-	-	\$1.25

MONTHLY CONTRACTS

Work Done by Practical Tailors.

C. E. HEWER,

49 QUEBEC ST. - PHONE 808

We are agents for the House of Hobberlin.

The Yellow Front MEN'S CLOTHING

We make a specialty of young men's
clothing, furnishings and hats at the right
price.

THE YELLOW FRONT.

GARNET K. CUMMING

SNOWDRIFT, PEOPLES' MAPLE LEAF

Three Well-known Brands of Flour
Ask for them and be sure you get them.

...The... James Goldie Co.

LIMITED

GUELPH, ONTARIO.

Telephone 99

Phone 719

44 Cork St.

Jas. K. Readwin

Pants Pressed	-	-	15c
Pants Cleaned and Pressed	-	-	25c
Suits Pressed	-	-	50c
Suits Cleaned and Pressed	-	-	75c
Suits Dry-Cleaned	-	-	\$1.25
Velvet Collars	-	75c to	\$1.50

Monthly contract, special rate. Goods
called for and delivered.

Fine Job Printing

We execute the finest grades of printing, plain or in colors, promptly. Put us to the test.

Kelso Printing Company

St. George's Square.

Phone 218

Opp. Post Office

HEADQUARTERS FOR

HARDWARE

AND SPORTING GOODS
AT LOWEST PRICES

G. A. RICHARDSON,

Upper Wyndham St.,

Guelph

PRINGLE THE JEWELER

O. A. C. and Macdonald Institute

College Pins, Medals and Fobs.

Magnifying Glasses, all qualities

Fountain Pens—Rubber Stamps.

"Eclipsed by None."

Walker's Electric Boiler Compound

It removes the scale or incrustation from boiler without injury to the irons, packings or connections, and prevents foaming.

The only reliable boiler compound on the market today. We also handle cylinder, engine and machine oils. Tri-sodium phosphate, engine supplies, etc. Specialty departments, Crystal Separator Oil, Waxine Floor Oil. Correspondence invited.

The Electric Boiler Compound Co., Limited

Guelph - Ontario

BROADFOOT'S Red Cross Pharmacy

DRUGS AND SUNDRIES

Fountain Pens, Toilet Articles
Nyal's Family Remedies
Paterson's Chocolates

ST. GEORGE'S SQ., COR. QUEBEC

Phone 381

R. S. CULL & Co.

THE LEADING

*Clothiers and
Furnishers*

35 Wyndham Street

GUELPH

-

-

ONTARIO

Guelph & Ontario Invest- ment & Savings Society

(Incorporated A.D., 1876)

Authorized Capital,	-	\$1,000,000
Subscribed Capital,	-	900,000
Paid-up Capital,	-	524,000
Reserve Fund,	-	436,000
Total Assets,	-	\$3,156,265.08

Debentures Issued in sums of \$100. and upwards, for five years, at **five per cent.** per annum, payable half-yearly; and for one year at **four per cent.**

Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received and interest paid or compounded half-yearly at highest current rate.

By Special Order-in-Council (Ontario Government), Executors, Trustees, etc., are authorized to invest Trust Funds in the Society's Debentures, and to deposit Trust Funds in the Society's Savings Department.

Office:—Society's Building, Corner Wyndham and Cork Streets, Guelph, Ontario, Canada.

J. E. McELDERRY,
Managing Director.

MOORE & ARMSTRONG

Guelph's Ladies' Store

Women's and Children's
Garments

Dress Goods and Silks

Exclusive Millinery

Perrin's Kid Gloves

Northway Coats and Suits

Crompton's C-C a la Grace and
Parisienne Corsets

THE WHITE HOUSE

G. B. RYAN & CO.
GUELPH, ONT.

Correct Clothes For Men

Ready-to-Wear and Special Order.

Smartly tailored by the best
men's clothing establishments
in Canada.

A complete stock of Neckwear, Shirts,
Hats, and all furnishings for men.

Our Advertisement, Our Aim and Our
Accomplishment—A Square Deal.

Our New Line Of Society Brand Clothes

For Fall has now arrived and is
is quite ready for inspection.

They are the Perfection of
Ready-to-Wear Clothes — Don't
fail to see them before buying
your next suit.

Our new general line of wear-
ing apparel for gentlemen has
also come; Shirts, Ties, Socks,
etc., all in latest styles.

Visit This Quality Store.

D. E. MACDONALD & BROS.,
Guelph.

O. A. C. STUDENTS

Will be well served with thoroughly
reliable merchandise at

R. E. NELSON'S STORE

Everything in Men's Wear, Hats,
and Caps, Underwear, Ties, Shirts,
Rain Coats, Sweater Coats—Every-
thing the Newest.

We specialize in Fine Ordered
Clothing. Large selection of Suitings,
Trouserings and Over-Coatings—
Made to Measure in the very latest
down-to-date styles. All goods mark-
ed in plain figures—and one price
only.

R. E. NELSON
93 Wyndham St.

N.B.—Agent for the Semi-Ready,
Made-to-Measure Clothing.

IT ISN'T EASY

To apologize.
 To take advice.
 To be unselfish.
 To be charitable.
 To endure success.
 To admit mistakes.
 To obey conscience.
 To forgive and forget.
 To think and then act.
 To be content with little.
 To accept just rebukes gracefully.
 To value character above reputation.
 To discriminate between sham and real.
 But it pays!

You could enjoy yourself for a nice meal
 and a cup of real American Coffee.

Call at the

DOMINION CAFE
 104 WYNDHAM STREET.
 Phone No. 688.

To The Students:

Benson Bros. welcome you back to your Fall and Winter studies. We will try and make your stay as pleasant and happy as possible by supplying you with the purest Fruits, Biscuits and Confectionery. We appreciate your calls.

Benson Bros.

KODAK



DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

We guarantee the finest results from films entrusted to us for development and printing.

ALEX. STEWART'S DRUG STORE,
 "In Front of Post Office."

Diamond and Shield

O. A. C. PINS

Leather Fobs

Twenty-five Cents Each

SAVAGE & CO.

JEWELLERS

Brown, Clemens, Austin and Ferguson have decided to abstain from all frivolities this year and settle down to business.

Regal Shoes
For Men.

Sorosis Shoes
For Women.

W. J. THURSTON,
Sole Agent
THE NEW SHOE STORE,
39 Wyndham Street

LEE LEE & CO.

Best hand laundry in Guelph. Goods called for on Monday and Wednesday and delivered Wednesday and Friday.

ERNST M. SHILDRICK,
Teacher of Singing,

Conductor O. A. C. Philharmonic Choral Society.

Vocal Studio, Opera House Block,
Studio Phone 625K. House Phone 625L.

ASTIGMATISM, STRABISM, DIPLOBIA,

Uncommon words—maybe, but very common causes of

HEADACHE

We have glasses that remove these causes and give

IMMEDIATE RELIEF

If you have any trouble with eyes or glasses consult

A. D. SAVAGE,
Optometrist and Mfg Optician,
"Right at the Postoffice." Phone 627K

FLOWERS

We carry the best selection of Cut Flowers in the city. When you want something choice call on us or phone 866. Prompt delivery and careful attention to all orders.

McPHEE, Florist

Wellington Block.



BOND'S



Guelph's Big
Bright
Hardware Store
Has What
YOU Want



FOOTBALLS TOBOGGANS
SNOW SHOES
SKATES

HOCKEY GOODS
BOB SLEIGHS AND
SUMMER GOODS
IN SEASON

DAILY DELIVERY TO
COLLEGE

Hardware

∴

Sporting Goods

The BOND HARDWARE CO. LTD.

...The... Royal Bank of Canada

With which is amalgamated THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

Authorized Capital	-	-	\$25,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital	-	-	11,560,000.00
Reserve Funds	-	-	13,000,000.00
Total Assets	-	-	180,000,000.00

Branches throughout all the Canadian Provinces, the West Indies and Cuba, also at London, England, and New York.

Travellers' Letters of Credit and Money Orders or Drafts issued payable in any part of the world. Remittance Drafts cashed at ruling rates. Savings Bank Accounts carried for Students and Staff (interest allowed).

R. L. TORRANCE, Manager, - - - GUELPH

The Dominion Bank

GUELPH

CAPITAL PAID UP	-	-	-	-	\$5,400,000.00
RESERVE FUND	-	-	-	-	7,100,000.00

A General Banking Business Transacted

Drafts bought and sold on all parts of the world

Savings Bank Department

Special attention paid to Savings Accounts. Interest allowed on deposits of \$1.00 and upwards.

Every convenience will be afforded students for the transacting of their banking business.



Go to **Petrie's** For
Drugs, Kodaks and
Confectionery
2 STORES

Our Kodak Department is at your service. We develop and print, also carry a full line of supplies for Kodaks and Cameras.

Our Confectionery Department—for fresh candies, ice cream and lunches.

A Box of Chocolates may have been fresh when first packed, but how can you tell by looking at a sealed box? Petrie's chocolates are made in Guelph—fresh every day—shown to you in an open box and are sold only at Petrie's two stores. ***Cor. Wyndham and McDonald Sts.***

To the O.A.C. Old Boys

When leaving college also leave your subscription for THE GUELPH WEEKLY MERCURY—only \$1.00 a year in advance.

The Mercury will keep you in touch with the friends and institutions you have left behind. This medium is noted for its agricultural news and the large volume of valuable farm advertising carried.

SWORN WEEKLY MERCURY CIRCULATION, 5,700

Come to The Mercury's Job Printing Department for Your Job Work. Visiting Cards a Specialty.

The Evening Mercury has a sworn circulation of 2,700.

J. I. McINTOSH, Publisher and Proprietor.

XMAS 1913

Compliments of the Season

The Kandy Kitchen is a favorite place for refreshments during Xmas time. Anything to suit you.



The Kandy Kitchen offers an excellent line of Xmas bonbons put up in fancy boxes at reasonable prices.

The Kandy Kitchen

Lower Wyndham Street

\$12.50 at Catesbys IN LONDON BUYS A \$25.00 Canadian Suit

You've heard that clothes are cheaper in England, and you know that you can't beat English fabrics.

But do you know that about two thousand Canadians buy their clothes every year direct from us, and save about one-half what they would have to pay if they bought them in Canada?

This is the reason why: We not only sell a suit of fine English wool, beautifully tailored in the latest Canadian, New York or London style—as they prefer—but we sell them at manufacturer's cost.

Canadian tailors buy goods only in small suit lengths. Four profits come out of the cloth before it reaches them. Whereas we—buying all suitings direct from the mills—save these four profits and give you the benefit of the saving, and still make a fair profit ourselves.

We will prove it to you without a cent of obligation on your part. Just sign and return the coupon below, and we'll send you our Style Book, 72 pattern pieces of cloth, a letter explaining our system of doing business, self-measurement chart, tape measure, and testimonials from satisfied customers—just to prove to you that every statement we make is correct.

All you need to do is to sign and mail the coupon, and the patterns will be sent by return mail. If you don't want to cut the paper, write a post-card or letter, and we'll send the patterns just the same, but to get them you must mention Guelph O. A. C. Review.

CATESBYS LTD. [Of Tottenham Court Road, London, England.] **119 West Wellington Street - TORONTO**

MESSRS. CATESBYS, LTD. (of London),
Dept. "P," 119 W. Wellington St., Toronto, Ont.

Please send me your new season's Style Book and 72 pattern pieces of cloth, I am thinking of buying a suit—overcoat.*

Full name

Full address

*If you only want overcoat patterns, cross out the word 'suit.' If you only want suitings, cross out 'overcoat.'

The "BURLINGTON."

This shows the most popular style of suit worn by the well-dressed men in Canada. The materials used are specially selected for this shape of suit.

\$12.50

Duty Free and Carriage Paid.



LOCALS

'Twas field-day on the campus,
Now this is all the truth:
When Hogarth of the college,
Rigged up a little booth;
And there beneath his awning,
He hustled all the day,
To undersell the Mac girls
And make his fruit-stand pay.

His ice-cream cones were just as
good,

Though not filled quite so full,
But in spite of all his efforts
He seemed to lack the "pull";
For the girls who sold the dainties,
In the tent across the way,
Had that smile down to a science,
That makes a fruit-stand pay.

Prof. W. Day—I have square feet,
you see (cheers)—well, I can't help it.

Please mention the O. A. C. REVIEW when answering advertisements.

Be Safe!

Don't take too many chances with spavin, splint, curb, ringbone, bony growths, swellings and of lameness. Use the old reliable remedy—



KENDALL'S Spavin Cure

It has been used by horsemen, veterinarians and farmers for 35 years—and it has proved its worth in hundreds of thousands of cases

Bickerdike, Alta., Jan. 29, 1913.

"I have been using Kendall's Spavin Cure for a good many years with good results. In fact, I am never without it."

H. NEIDORF.

\$1 a bottle—\$6 for \$5, at druggists—or write for copy or our book "Treatise on the Horse" free.

Dr. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY
Enosburg Falls, Vermont, U.S.A. 79

SHOES REPAIRED

By the latest improved machinery in America, Promptly and Neatly at the

GOODYEAR SHOE REPAIR CO.,
50 Cork St. E., Guelph.

Telephone 957 **PERCY T. KING Prop.**

If you're trying to make money you'd best invest in a Spramotor



It doesn't matter what your spraying needs may be, there's a Spramotor specially built for your purposes—a machine that will do **more and better** work than any other spraying outfit in its class—a machine that will give you **endless satisfaction**, because it is built to **endure**.

Hundreds of farmers have proven the H. P. Spramotor (see cut) to be a very profitable investment. The horse does everything but direct the nozzles. This machine can be operated by hand where preferred. Has 8 nozzles that cannot clog—the number can be arranged to suit requirements.

PRICES range from \$6.00 to \$350.00. Equally effective for vineyards, row crops or grain work.

State requirements and we will forward interesting facts without placing you under obligation to buy.

SPRAMOTOR COMPANY

1272 King Street

London, Ontario

A NEW PAYING WRINKLE IN SILO BUILDING

In building a 30-ft. cement silo the last 10 ft. or so handling heavy concrete at a considerable height and under unfavorable conditions requires skilled labor and costs more in time and trouble than the rest of the job put together.

Cut down building expenses and save yourself this hard work by using Waterous Steel Silo Plate in place of concrete at the top of your silo.

Waterous Steel Silo

Plate is shipped to you rolled, punched, and marked for quick erection. Sheets are 4 ft. high and are rolled to 10, 12 and 14 ft. diameters. The Plate is light, readily handled and easily assembled. You and your own help can put it up in a few hours.

Waterous Steel Silo Plate is durable. It is storm, shrinkage and frost proof, and is made absolutely to standard size so that you can add a course at any time.

Prices are exceptionally reasonable—the plate for a 12-ft. section will cost you no more than will cement and gravel alone for the same amount of concrete work.

Before building that Silo remember the new wrinkle in silo building, and ask for prices on Waterous Steel Silo Plate.

THE WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., LIMITED
BRANTFORD - CANADA.

HIGH GRADE MEN'S
FURNISHINGS

O. A. C.

HIGH GRADE FURS,
Men's and Women's

FALL

1913-14

WINTER

Clothes That Distinguish

The wearer above the common must be made for the individual. They must not be made to fit some ideal physique, of which not one man in a million could be a model. Have us make you a suit that will embody all the latest ideas as to style and smartness and will fit you just as you are built. Don't worry about the price. That will be right, too.

Keleher & Hendley

Fine English Neckwear.

Model Merchant Tailors

Hawes Hats—The Latest Style.

Ladies' Golf Sweater Coats.

De Jaegers and Other Makes

THE Kennedy STUDIO

Is equipped to produce the best
in Groups or Individual Por-
traits.



A Students' Special in Photos
at \$1.50 a Dozen.

The Kennedy Studio
23 WYNDHAM ST., GUELPH
Phone 498

Rexall

TRADE MARK

Shaving Lotion

25c and 50c

Delightful to use. Allays all irri-
tation caused by shaving. Also a
full line of needs for gentlemen
who shave — Razors, Strops,
Brushes, Mugs, Soap, Etc.

QUALITY IS ECONOMY

John D. McKee, Phm.B.

The Rexall Store

18 WYNDHAM ST., GUELPH
Phone 66.

Young Men Stay in Canada

Advise Your Friends to Come to
CANADA

Nowhere in the world are to be found so many and such
good openings for a career in

Agriculture

FRUIT-GROWING, DAIRYING—WHAT YOU WILL!

The cry now-a-days is "BACK TO THE LAND," and
CANADA has got the LAND

The day of CANADA'S PROSPERITY is the day of

Your Opportunity

Do not neglect it. Think this over.
You can never do as well anywhere else.

Tell your friends to apply for further information
To

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa.

Or to

**J. OBED SMITH, 11-12 Charing Cross, London, S. W.,
England.**

DE LAVAL

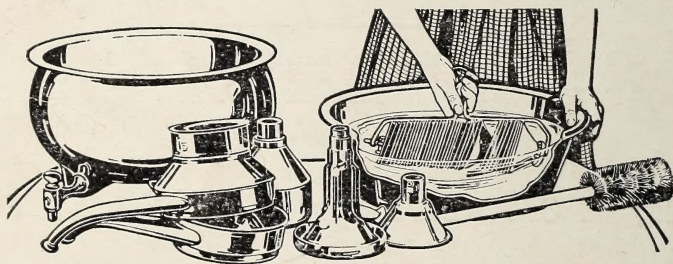
CREAM SEPARATORS

Are Easiest to Wash

The construction of the De Laval bowl is such that it can be completely taken apart for washing.

The discs, bowl parts and tinware have no tubes, crevices, holes or corrugated surfaces such as are found in other machines and which are very hard to clean.

The De Laval discs are washed as a single piece and the whole machine can be thoroughly



CLEANED IN FIVE MINUTES

There is no part of the De Laval bowl which cannot be easily reached and seen, so that the operator can always tell whether or not every part has been properly cleaned.

The ease with which the De Laval can be thoroughly washed and kept in a sanitary condition is one reason why creamerymen prefer De Laval to other separator cream, and is likewise one of the reasons why butter made from De Laval cream has always scored highest at the National Dairy Show for over 20 years.

The 72-page De Laval Dairy Hand Book, in which important dairy questions are ably discussed by the best authorities, is a book that every cow owner should have. Mailed free upon request if you mention this paper. Large De Laval catalog also mailed upon request. Write to nearest office.

THE DE LAVAL DAIRY SUPPLY CO., Limited,
MONTREAL, PETERBORO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.